WARREN MAGAZINE

FAMOUS MONSTERS #108

JULY 1974

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND

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KING KONG

SPECIAL PHOTO FILMBOOK ISSUE

THE MIGHTY KONG

Stars in this issue of Famous Monsters of Filmland

SPEAKING OF MONSTERS

CREATURES FIT FOR A KING!

MAKE-UP your mind right now to lose it! Rick Baker's 8 great monsters got a preview look at this ALL-KONG issue and Schlock went ape over it, the 2-headed gorilla lost his head and the devil child (Rosemary's bippy?) went wild.

They called the Master of Skull Island the 8th Wonder of the World.

They were wrong.

This issue of FAMOUS MONSTERS is!

FORREST J ACKERMAN

THIS ISSUE DEDICATED TO CHARLES LORANCE

—and I wish I had a foto of him to publish in this spot but the fact is I have no idea what this young benefactor looks like. I only know that, regularly for the last 10 weeks, I have heard from him in a very gratifying manner and he tells me I will continue to hear from him in this fashion "till the mortgage on the Movie Monster Museum has been burned." I am very grateful to this faithful fan.—Forry Ackerman

AWARD FOR A WEIRD ONE

Am grinning from ear to ear that THE EXORCIST practically walked away with the whole Golden Globe Awards show on TV. If Blair, Blatty & Friedkin hadn't won I would have shot our TV right between the antennae. **(Shades of the old Lugosi film, MURDER BY TELEVISION!)** Now if it will only win an Oscar it may mean a breakthru for "our" kind of film.

CAROL SCARDINO
Melrose Park, Ill.

WANTED! More Readers Like

DAVID GRIGSBY

WANTED! More Readers Like

MIKE KESTNER

PRAISE FOR MOM FROM A GRATEFUL SON

I'm 16 and could write 100 pages on why I think your magazine is best. I've read this marvelous magazine since I was in the 1st grade. Once, in 1965 when I went to Africa while my Dad was in the Air Force, my Mom made me throw it away because she thought it would give me bad dreams. Since then she has changed her mind; she doesn't mind me going to horror movies, she lets me buy your horror books & she looks at your magazine sometimes when she has the time. Sometimes she buys them for me. Now I am buying the back issues I have missed and my Mom even gave me the money to buy that issue she once made me throw away! I really love her for that! She is fantastic! Because of your magazine she knows more about monsters than most mothers I know.

JIM MORROW
Charleston, S.C.

• Mama Morrow, WE at FM love you too! Please send us a headshot of yourself together with Jim & his brother (we understand he's an FM fan too) so we can publish the 3 of you in a future issue.

WANTED! More Readers Like

JEFF SHERIN

INQUIRY ABOUT QUARRY

So there I was in this newsagent's shop in Johannesburg, So. Africa, and on casually glancing thru **FM** Apr. '73 I saw a letter that I wrote to you from Fangkok, Thailand in Oct. '72. I immediately changed into a werewolf with delight and was thrown out clutching the Apr. & July copies.

Count Yorga has a cult following in England and I would like to start a ROBERT QUARRY FAN CLUB.

TONY RAYNER
66 St. Leonard's Rd.
East Sheen, London SW 14
ENGLAND

A "SENIOR" CITIZEN SPEAKS

As a highschool senior with 5 years babysitting experience I can tell you that you've cornered the market on generation gap bridges. Your magazine is the one piece of literature the little monsters appreciate. One full moon, one issue of **FM**, and the kids are mysteriously transformed into passive, docile little zombies. Naturally it takes a little censorship with the younger children: they don't dig melted faces or disfigured features. The older kids are more concerned with how the gory scenes are created. Personally, tho, I like your magazine because of the truly appreciative angle on which it treats monster movies—none of the snide gossip or teenybopper drooling found in other fanmagazines. I consider this to be a great compliment to your readers & an acknowledgment of the high degree of intelligence & sophistication that separates the fantasy fans from the soap opera buffs. Even among the younger set the distinction is obvious: average kid trains his dog to fetch the mail; monster fan kid trains his werewolf to fetch the mailman.

YVONNE BROWNE
Columbia, SC

WANTED! More Readers Like

TIM McFEELY

SEVERAL COMMENTS

Glad to see A&C MEET FRANKENSTEIN as a filmbook (#105) as I think it is an important film. Chaney, Strange & Lugosi were at their best in a horror film with great sets, photography & all. Technical wizardry was evident, especially when Dracula changed to a bat.

If Mr. Charlie Lester prefers the modern horror films to the vintage 30s' films that's his privilege. But if he thinks Karloff & Lugosi were corny, can he imagine how "embarrassed" the studios were when the films made a mint & those 2 players were international stars? Also, who would deny those films paved the way for the genre to continue, via the TV revivals? If Peter Ikrath thinks "10 pages were **wasted** on Bela Lugosi," what is he reading this magazine for? Lugosi was one of the best actors to grace the horror field. He knew his craft & is a credit to horror films.

A long life to **FAMOUS MONSTERS,** a publication definitely needed.

DAVID WAGNER
(no address)

Continued on page 81

COVER:
LONG LIVE KONG! The Monarch of Skull Island—the 8th Wonder of the World—as Powerfully Portrayed by FM's Ace Artist BASIL GOGOS.

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THE KONG OF KONGS

In retrospect—nay, every living aspect—he towers as tall as Everest, this Mountain of a Monster, this Colossal King of Super Beasts who first burst forth upon staggered cinema-goers 30 years ago.

KONG! As Lon Chaney shall not die . . . and Lugosi lives eternal . . . so KING KONG survives, supernal in the annals of animation, imagination, creation—genius!

KONG!

The name that reverberates down the corridors of time with the wonder of thunder. Can a magazine staff do verbal justice to the greatest gift ever bestowed on lovers of prehistoric cinemadventure? It is our earnest prayer that in words we shall be able to recreate images worthy of the subject, capture on paper the essence of the inspired film we all agree was a masterpiece beyond compare.

KONG!

. . . not a word, not a name, but a *song!*

100 minutes that mesmerized mankind

"Out of an uncharted, forgotten corner of the world, a monster . . . surviving 7 million years of evolution . . . crashes into the haunts of civilization . . . onto the talking screen . . . to stagger the imagination of man!" Those were the very words, the promises they read in their souvenir program book, that First Nite Audience in Hollywood, Calif., when they came to see the 8th Wonder of the World.

They were not disappointed. It was Friday 24 March 1933, and the penetrating rays of the

Robert Armstrong as Carl Denham, the motion picture producer who brought back the 8th Wonder of the World—alive!

KING KONG CREDITS

An Idea Conceived by
MERIAN C. COOPER

Executive Producer
DAVID O. SELZNICK

Directed by
ERNEST B. SCHOEDSACK
MERIAN C. COOPER

Original Story by
MERIAN C. COOPER
EDGAR WALLACE

Screen Play by
JAMES CREELMAN
RUTH ROSE

Chief Technician
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MARIO LARRINAGA
BYRON L. CRABBE

Sound Recorder
E. A. WOLCOTT

Film Editor
TED CHEESMAN

RUNNING TIME 1 hr. 40 mins.

banks of searchlights illuminated the skies, turning nite into day. Stars & crowds filled the forecourt of Grauman's world-famous Chinese Theater with clamor & glamor. In cement squares in the sidewalk of the forecourt, the imprints of the immortals: the handprints of "The Thief of Bagdad"—Doug Fairbanks; the autograph of "Dr. Jekyll"—Frederic March—& "Mr. Hyde"—John Barrymore; the kneeprints of Mammy singer Al Jolson, the man who gave motion pictures their voice. In an alcove of the western wall, dominating all, the bust of the mighty beast himself—King Kong. Had he risen, that nite, and implanted *his* footprint in the cement, the whole forecourt would have been crushed to dust, pulverized as tho by a charge of TNT.

You've *heard* of TNT, I take it? Dynamite. Our most powerful explosive before the atom bomb was invented.

The full-size bust of KONG as he was seen "in person" in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood, 1933. (From the collection of Marcel Delgado.)

prolog to the picture

Inside, before the fabulous film came on the screen, there was a live stage presentation, themed around KING KONG and leading up to the actual motion picture. It was in 17 parts!—with such acts as *The Voodoo Dancer, Return of the Hunters, Gathering of the Tribes, Dance to the Sacred Ape, The Captive, In the Tree Tops, The Safari & Goodbye Africa*

Then, at last, with excitement at fever pitch, the historic film began to unreel.

For the firstime, ears heard the glorious musical score of Max Steiner.

For the firstime, eyes beheld the inspired handicraft of artisan Marcel Delgado, builder of the body of Kong and the throng of prehistoric creatures.

For the firstime, brains were dizzied by the plot twists of Edgar Wallace & Merian Cooper, the screenplay developments of James Creelman & Ruth Rose.

For the firstime, senses reeled before what was the HOLLYWOOD HERALD called "the most sensational exhibition of camera tricks in the history of motion pictures" as the audience paid obeisance to chief technician Willis O'Brien, the animating force behind KING KONG.

30 years later, Obie's widow said to me: "King Kong *was* Obie. It was his personality. I could just see Obie in Kong's every movement, every gesture."

KONG'S own story!

Before we get *behind* the story, into all sorts of fascinating technical details & human anecdotes, critics' opinions, etc., here is the thrilling fictionized version of KING KONG itself—with an important addition.

MYSTERY MAGAZINE, the collector's item periodical in which this story was originally serialized over a quarter century ago, has long since ceased to exist. No one associated with monster magazines today secured copies at the time (simply because half of them weren't born yet!) and to track down the instalments of the story at this late date, well, few individuals could afford the time for the search or the money for purchase if successful.

To the original story, however, Something New Has Been Added. Since, at the time it was written, there were no filmonsterzines, no "organized" monster fans, the story was not strictly beamed at beastophiles but the general public. The fatal fact is: many of the "good" parts were left out of the narration!

So: your editor has *written in extra*

sequences in the story. That is to say, happenings on the screen & descriptions that were not originally included in the Mystery Magazine version, have been put into our exclusive version herewith.

Ray Harryhausen, Kong authority #1 who's not doubt seen the picture 100 times or more by now, would have been the ideal individual to consult for notes about the dinosaur sequences but he was far away in Spain at the time, working his animagic on HGWells' FIRST MEN IN THE MOON, so we wish to gratefully acknowledge consultation of Kongophile Mark McGee for dinosauria details to refresh our aging memory cells. You see, we're not as fortunate as many of you younger readers, in that we don't have the spare time you do to watch KING KONG every nite in the week when he's revived on TV!

Chapter 1
DESTINATION UNKNOWN

The 3 men in the skipper's cabin aboard the tramp ship *The Venture* were a hard-looking lot.

"I say, it's time the skipper & me know where we're bound for." The big first mate, Jack Driscoll, gave a hitch to his trousers before he let himself down on the edge of Captain Englehorn's bunk.

Carl Denham snorted. He cocked his head to one side and listened to the churning of *The Venture's* propeller.

"We're going half speed." He scowled accusingly at the skipper. "What's the big idea?"

Capt. Englehorn evaded the other's eye and said nothing. He bit off a generous portion of tobacco and chewed noisily. His right foot kept tapping the floor as if beating time to the crunching of his jaws.

"Are you two going soft on me?" Denham sneered.

Jack Driscoll had been staring down at his feet. Now he lifted his head.

"You know better'n that," he said slowly. "You've sailed with us before, Denham—and we've taken you wherever you asked us to without a murmur. But it's different this time . . . "

Puzzled, Carl Denham turned from the first mate and looked at the skipper for enlightenment.

"Jack's right," said Englehorn thru a tobacco-stained corner of his mouth.

"What do you mean . . . different this time?" he snarled. Then sudden understanding struck him. "The girl! Is that it—the girl?"

Jack Driscoll grew red as a beet. A lot of hardness went out of his face for a moment.

"Have you gone sappy over the girl?" Denham demanded with contempt in his voice.

"I'm sappy over nobody," Jack said angrily. "And I'm not running out on you, either. Only, get this—there are things a girl can't do, things she oughtn't to see and dangers she could not be asked to face." The first mate spoke with grim insistence.

"Jack's right," the skipper echoed. "What's more, the men are getting restless. There are matters about this trip they can't understand. They want to know why we've shipped more than 3 times the men that are needed to handle a boat this size—and somehow they found out about the ship's papers being faked. They want to know why we're carrying enough munitions & gas bombs to fight a war. They're a tough lot but all this secrecy is getting on their nerves."

"Since when is a crew supposed to have nerves?" Denham barked.

For a time nothing more was said. Jack Driscoll kicked his heels against the side of the skipper's bunk. Carl Denham paced the little shadowy cabin like a caged beast of prey.

At last the skipper spoke in mollifying tones.

"You've got to admit, Mr. Denham, that I've held to the course you laid out—we're weeks & weeks out of New York and where are we? We're way west of Sumatra—in waters I've never known before, tho I know the East Indies like my own hand . . . "

"Where do we go from here?" Jack Driscoll broke in.

"Southwest," said Denham shortly.

"Southwest!" The skipper's square face set itself in angry lines. "Southwest! Have you gone crazy? Look at the chart, man! There's nothing that way but thousands of miles of water. What about food? What about coal? What about . . . say . . . what is there Southwest?"

"There's an island," said Carl Denham, softly.

Chapter 2
THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND

From his wallet he took 2 pieces of worn paper. Carefully, so as not to break the creases, he spread one on top of the other.

Englehorn & Driscoll leaned over the table.

Stamp collectors' item! The rare 100 simoleon variety is reputed to have borne the legend, "Help Stamp Out People!"

POST CARD

I AM COMING.

EXPECT ME SOON

KING X KONG

SPACE

FOR

ADDRESS

Fay Wray as Ann Darrow, "bravest girl the world has ever known," together with her screen lover Jack Driscoll, the late Bruce Cabot.

"You'll find that island on no chart, except this one," Denham said solemnly. "It was drawn by the skipper of a Norwegian barque."

"He was kidding," said Capt. Englehorn.

"No. No—he wasn't. Listen. A canoe with natives from this island was blown out to sea. When the barque picked them up there was only one of them alive and he lived only long enough to give my friend a kind of description of the place and a fairly good idea of where it lies. I've known the master of that barque for years and he gave me that map the last time I was in Singapore."

"Supposing it's all true," Jack Driscoll drawled. "what is there about this island that makes it so darn fascinating?"

"Wait," said Denham.

He lifted the top sheet and pointed to the paper underneath. On it was a crude drawing of a piece of land.

"Here's what it looks like. At this end there is a long sandy peninsula. The only place to land is thru this reef." He indicated the point with his thick finger. "The rest of the shoreline is sheer precipice, hundreds of feet high."

"Well—"

Denham held up his hand. He did not go on immediately. His eyes were filled with a far-away look.

"That peninsula is cut off from the rest of the island by a wall . . . a wall that goes clear across the base of the peninsula," he said at last.

"A wall?" the skipper and the first mate spoke in unison.

Denham nodded.

"A wall," he affirmed gently.

Driscoll jerked his head back derisively.

"So we've come all this way to take a picture of a wall!" he grumbled.

"Not the wall . . . but a picture of what's *behind* the wall."

Chapter 3
THE HORROR BEYOND THE WALL

"That wall," Denham went on, "is so old that the people who live there now have forgotten the high civilization that built it. But it's as strong today as it was centuries ago. The natives keep it in repair. They need to!"

"Why?" Jack Driscoll demanded impatiently.

Denham drew a long breath. He asked:

"Have you ever heard of . . . KONG?"

Capt. Englehorn gave a short laugh.

"Sure," he said. "It's a Malay superstition about a god or a spirit or something."

"Kong is behind that wall!" Carl Denham asserted impressively. "He's neither beast nor man—he's a monster—holding that island in the grip of deadly fear."

The skipper and Jack looked at each other skeptically. The first mate got off the skipper's bunk and stretched himself with a yawn. The skipper tugged thoughtfully at his walrus mustache.

"Alright," said Englehorn. "We'll look for your island and when we find it—we'll help you to photograph your monster—if he's there, that is." There was a glint of humor in the old man's eye.

Denham said nothing.

Jack Driscoll started to leave. His hand on the door knob, he paused and turned to Denham.

"But the girl doesn't go ashore," he said.

Denham spun around. His face was distorted with rage and there was a queer light, almost fanatical, in his eyes.

"She goes along!" he roared. "She's in the picture! What do you suppose I brought her along for? Why do you think I picked her out of the gutter, starving—if not for this picture? Besides it's not me that wants her—it's the public!" His tone changed to one of bitterness. "I can risk my neck a

Re-release poster heralding re-appearance of Kong in '42.

Natives of Skull Island. Enough to frighten King Kong?

Ann & Jack, attempting to escape, are pulled back up toward ledge of Kong's cave-dwelling by angry King who doesn't wish his pretty plaything taken from him, especially by such a puny rival!

A great gas bomb hurled at Kong's feet brings him to his knees. While unconscious he is floated on a raft (not seen in the film) out to the boat and back to civilization.

dozen times—I can bring 'em a picture of you & me being gored to death by a charging rhino and what good would it be—without a woman! Bah!"

Jack Driscoll watched him thru narrowed lids

"The girl stays aboard," Jack repeated stubbornly

Chapter 4
THE DARING MISS DARROW

Up on deck, Jack looked around for Ann Darrow. She was standing in the bow, leaning over the rail, watching the ship cleave the water

"You look cross," she said. "You just hate having a woman aboard your ship—don't you?"

"I did at first," he half mumbled, "but I don't anymore."

"It's been a wonderful trip, so far—"

"So far, is right," he broke in, grimly.

She was startled by his manner

"Is anything—anything wrong?" she asked anxiously

Jack Driscoll looked out to sea

"Plenty," he said after a while "Denham is trying to find some damn excuse me island There's a monster on it that the natives are scared to death of—"

"Why, that's thrilling!"

"You don't know what you're talking about. He wants to land there to make a film—"

"But it will be terribly exciting, Jack!"

"You've never been with him before But I have—and so has the skipper Denham's reckless—he doesn't know what fear is. The last time he had the natives stampede a herd of elephants right on top of us—God! I thought we were all done for "

He watched her and saw the sparkle in her eyes with increasing misgivings

Some pictures it might be alright You think you're not afraid because you haven't seen what I have, but you won't be able to stand what's on that island!"

She stared at him in amazement

"What is there on that island, Jack?" she questioned gently

"I can't describe it—I don't know exactly -Denham doesn't know. It's a monster so terrible that the natives have built a wall to protect themselves I didn't believe it when Denham first told me—but I do now Why? I'll tell you why . . . because Denham himself is afraid! And Denham is a devil!

Million $ Models. Mighty Joe Young, animated by Willis O'Brien, meets Harryhausen's Ymir from 20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH while Marcel Delgado's pteranodon from KING KONG hovers overhead in front of colorful KONG poster. In the foreground we see the prized collector's item, a mint copy of the novel containing autographs of most of the cast & makers of KONG. Flying at the top of the spine of the book is a carved pteranodon from the classic *silent* LOST WORLD! Foto taken in the original Ackermansion. All but mighty Joe are still to be seen in the Editor's new home, Son of Ackermansion, in Horrorwood, Karloffornia.

Standing, center, Merian C. Cooper, co-creator with Ernest B. Shoedsack (still living). We lost General Cooper on 21 Apr. last year—and Robert Armstrong (to his right in picture) the day before. To his left is Bruce Cabot, who left us in 1972. Others are male cast members: natives of Skull Island & crewmen of Denham's exploration party.

Denham & His Men First Confront The Natives.

He stopped & dropped her wrist with an air of despondency. He paced the deck a few times; then he came back to her

"I can't stop you, Ann," his voice was low. "And I can't stop Denham . . . only you can do that, by refusing to go thru with it."

There was a trace of moisture in her eyes as she looked up at him. She placed her hand lightly on his arm

"I understand, Jack." Her voice shook a little. "It's very very nice to have you feel that way about me—and even tho I'm not afraid, I wouldn't go if you didn't want me to . . . only . . . well I just have to."

"Why do you have to?" he demanded passionately.

"You see, Mr Denham's been very kind to me. He picked me up from the street, starving I was trying to steal an apple off a fruitstand and the Italian who owned the stand was making an awful fuss about it, when Mr Denham came along & fixed it up. He explained to me that he couldn't find a girl for the part he had in mind because of his reputation—being so reckless & all that—and asked me if I would go along—of course, I didn't know about the island then—but even so, I guess . . I'm sort of obligated."

Chapter 5
SKULL ISLAND

Early the next morning they came upon the island with dramatic suddenness.

A sailor had been heaving the lead constantly. They were blanketed in a fog and the skipper was nervous. He was running agin at half-speed. Denham was cursing, he cursed the fog, the skipper & the lookout up in the crow's nest for not sighting land. They were in the vicinity of the island, Denham was positive.

"Thirty fathoms & no bottom," the sailor droned. But a few minutes later "Bottom! Twenty fathoms!"

That cry seemed to stir them all. They waited tense & silent.

"Sixteen fathoms!" the sailor called

"Breakers ahead!" the man in the crow's nest yelled

"Ten fathoms!"

Capt. Englehorn leapt from the telegraph. There was the sound of reversing engines Driscoll bllowing at the forecastle: "Let go!" and the noise of the anchor chain

"Listen!" said Driscoll. "That's not breakers That's drums."

He was right. They could hear it

plainly enough now that they recognized it. The dull torturing sound of drums.

Bum-bu-um bum. Bum-bu-bu bum

Ann Darrow shuddered. There was something awesome about that throbbing noise. It was like listening to the beating of an irregular giant pulse.

"Have them lower the boats, skipper," Denham shouted. He was in a fever of excitement.

The skipper detailed 12 men to accompany them ashore. The ship was left in charge of the second mate.

"Come along, Ann," Denham ordered.

As they approached the beach the incessant thumping of the drums became louder. Not a soul was in sight. They landed and unloaded their stuff, and proceeded cautiously up the beach. Presently they came to a cluster of deserted huts. It was behind these that the natives must be assembled. Further back they could now clearly see the great wall.

They heard the faint sound of a chant.

Slowly they went on past the huts. There in a clearing close to the wall was what appeared to be the entire tribe. They paused in their tracks, spellbound by the weird spectacle.

Between the chief & a witch doctor stood a young girl. She was cald in garlands of flowers. Lovely, brown, lithe & very proud, she stood there, terribly frightened. The whole mass was swaying to & fro, chanting mournfully.

"God!" Denham whispered. "What a shot! Where's the camera—quick!"

Chapter 6
DISCOVERY

He was about to set it up when there was a shout. They had been discovered by one of the natives.

The drums stopped, the chant died down and the swaying of the mass ceased. For a time the natives stared at them in silence. Then the chief, signaling 2 warriors to accompany him, came towards them. Within 10 feet of Denham he halted.

"Steady, everybody," Denham cautioned. "Never let a native see you're scared. Do you think, Englehorn, you can make out their lingo?"

The skipper, who knew most Malay dialects, thought he could.

"Tama di? Tama di?" There was menace in the strange gutteral words coming from the chief.

The moment was a tense one. Unconsciously, Ann Darrow moved closer to Driscoll.

"He says," the skipper translated, "'Who are you? Who are you?'"

Boldly Denham advanced a few paces. He motioned Englehorn to follow. "Tell him we're friends—put it on thick!"

Englehorn spoke slowly.

"Tabe. Bala kum nono hi. Bala! Bala!" he said.

"Bala reri. Tasko! Tasko!" the chief answered sternly.

The fierce warrior chief of Skull Island, faithful servant of Kong. (Noble Johnson.)

Sheet music issued for pianists!

"What did he say?" Denham asked

"He said 'We don't want friends. Get out. Get out!'"

The witch doctor rushed forward He leered hideously at the strangers, then jabbered to the chief

He had caught sight of Ann!

The chief addressed himself to Englehorn. His attitude was more conciliatory. He made a long speech in which occasionally the word Kong was understandable to Denham and the first mate.

When he finished the skipper turned to Denham. His face was very grave

"This is bad business," he said "They want Ann—a gift for Kong—to be Kong's bride. They are in deadly earnest. They are willing to buy her for 6 of their women. Denham, we're in for it."

Ann gave a gasp

"Tell 'em to go to the devil," said Denham to Englehorn. "But tell them we'll be back tomorrow—to make friends I've got to get that picture somehow or I would spit in the old boy's eyes."

Chapter 7
DISCOVERY—OF A DIFFERENT SORT

"It's time you went to bed, Ann," Jack Driscoll said, brusquely

It was late and they were on deck, sitting on a hatch

"I hate to leave that moon," Ann said softly. "Besides I don't think I could sleep. Those drums make me nervous . . . I was kind of scared there, this afternoon . . ."

"Of course, you were—I was myself. What does Denham mean—putting you in a spot like that! You're not going back tomorrow—I'll have it out with him in the morning."

"I must if he wants me to, Jack. He's done a lot for me."

"Lot—nothing!" he snorted. "When it comes to taking a picture, he's crazy—he'd stop at nothing. Ann—I'm scared for you; when I think of what might have happened—this afternoon . . . "

She looked at him, her eyes shining "If anything was to hurt you, Ann, I—I just—"

"Just what, Jack?"

She was very near to him. Big Jack Driscoll felt his body unaccountably tremble He looked at her pleadingly for help

"What is it, Jack?"

"Ann—Ann—I love you."

"Yes, Jack. I know "

He looked at her—unbelieving. She didn't laught at him. It wasn't possible and yet--suddenly he crushed her to him

For a long time he held her so, her head buried against his chest. Finally she struggled to free herself a little

"If only—" her voice came muffled, "you'd let me get my breath—I'd like to tell you that I love you, too, Jack."

"Driscoll! Are you on deck?" It was the skipper's voice from the bridge

"Yes, sir." Jack leaned down & kissed her

"Come up a minute, will you "

"Yes, sir."

Again he kissed Ann.

"I'll wait for you here, the night is so lovely," said Ann

Chapter 8
KIDNAPPED FOR KONG

Alone, she looked at the stars. There seemed more of them than a little while ago and they seemed brighter than before he had put his arms so fiercely around her. She clasped her knee in her hands and rocked gently back & forth, crooning to herself. Life was very wonderful just then

Behind her, rising like an evil spirit from the sea, a horrible face peered over the rail

It was a face painted yellow & red There were blue rings around the yes and a thick silver bar stuck horizontally thru its nose With the silence of death the witch doctor climbed on board A few swift noiseless steps and his hand was over her mouth He lifted her up, dashed to the side and an instant later was gone

Just outside the gate, Ann Darrow saw the altar! It was built of stone and 2 huge stone columns rose from it

The witch doctor led the way

Between 4 warriors, Ann, like one in a trance, walked up the broad steps that led to the gate. Half-way up she turned & looked back toward the sea Once more she cried out—"Jack! Jack!" in a voice of despair. They lifted her to the altar and stood her between the stone posts. Her hands were lashed to the columns so tightly that her wrists ached She was facing natives and the sea where the ship & her last slim hope lay. At her back was the jungle with its mystery—and Kong!

Now the natives swarmed to the top of the wall. Hundreds of torches flared up, dispelling the darkness. The drums rumbled. They beat the mighty gong and the natives, driven to a frenzy, yelled & leapt up & down on top of the wall.

Then they closed the great gate & braced it.

With the shutting of the gate, Ann's heart seemed to stop beating A pitiful little cry escaped her lips—there was nothing more now. In front of her the wall, crowded with hideous madmen, and behind her darkness—and something fearful beyond her imagination.

The chief's voice could be heard above the tumult

"*Kara Ta ni, Kong O Taro Vey, Rama Kong*

"*Wa Saba ani mako, O Tar Vey, Rama Kong* "

The skipper wasn't there to tell her the fateful meaning of that solemn invocation

"We call thee, Kong O Mighty One, great Kong

"Thy bride is here, O Mighty One, great Kong."

Chapter 9
THE COMING OF THE KING

Then over it all fell an unearthy silence, a silence more terrifying, more significant than anything that had gone before.

Against her will, Ann turned her head as far as she could and looked with dilated eyes over her shoulders into the blackness of the jungle. She heard noises like the crunching of bushes & the breaking of trees—then more distinctly, the sound of ponderous footsteps. Another minute, and into the light came a great hulking figure, fearsome beyond all description

KONG!

Ann screamed.

The horror, the overwhelming fear & desperation of that cry carried down to the beach where the boats were just landing and Jack & Denham as well as the skipper were tumbling out of them in feverish haste, and set them racing towards the wall

The gigantic figure of Kong came slowly nearer the altar

He did not at once look at Ann. Instead his glance traveled along the wall, surveying the tall silent natives who must have seemed like the tiniest of pygmies to him. They were his subjects - his slaves

Capt. Englehorn (Frank Reicher)

Ann, to horror-struck to scream, kept her eyes on Kong Her mind seemed keenly alert—she wondered why she hadn't fainted—she was astonished at her ability to grasp everything so clearly—and now she saw on Kong's face a look of surprise, Kong's fat ape-like face could be curiously expressive. It was a very old face—7 millions years, in fact—and full of wrinkles from hardship & time.

He was the last of his race

Chapter 10
HISTORY OF KONG

Shortly after his birth, his parents had been killed in a titanic battle with a 30-ton tyrannosaurus. The 1-ton orphan had had to fend for himself, battling a hostile world for existence, many times narrowly excaping death When only 200 years old he had had a near-fatal encounter with a pterodactyl, a fight with the huge flying reptile which might have ended his life; but he was lucky & clever and not only killed the soaring monster but gathered its eggs for food!

As millions of years went by Kong grew huge & strong—king of his domain, ruler of the savage human beings who came & settled on his island—Skull Island—somewhere off the Malay Peninsula. The natives worshipped him as a god—and brought him appropriate living sacrifices.

For more years than his great brain could remember he had come to his altar to find a tender morsel to please his palate. Always before she had been dark; generally, black; sometimes brown—but never white, as now! And never had there been one with hair the color of gold.

Old Kong peered at her more closely, as tho he distrusted his first impression. Then he tore away the vines that fastened her and picked her up in his huge paw. She seemed very small, like a living doll in a child-giant's hand. He held her close to his face; the heat of his burning breath scorched her body.

Kong turned & lumbered off into the jungle darkness. In his hand he carried Ann.

Chapter 11
ANN IS LOST

Denham & Driscoll were covering the last 100 yards to the wall at breakneck speed. Behind them came the skipper & his men. They'd heard the shouts of the natives—they saw them on the wall waving their torches in a delirious farewell—and they knew that Ann was gone.

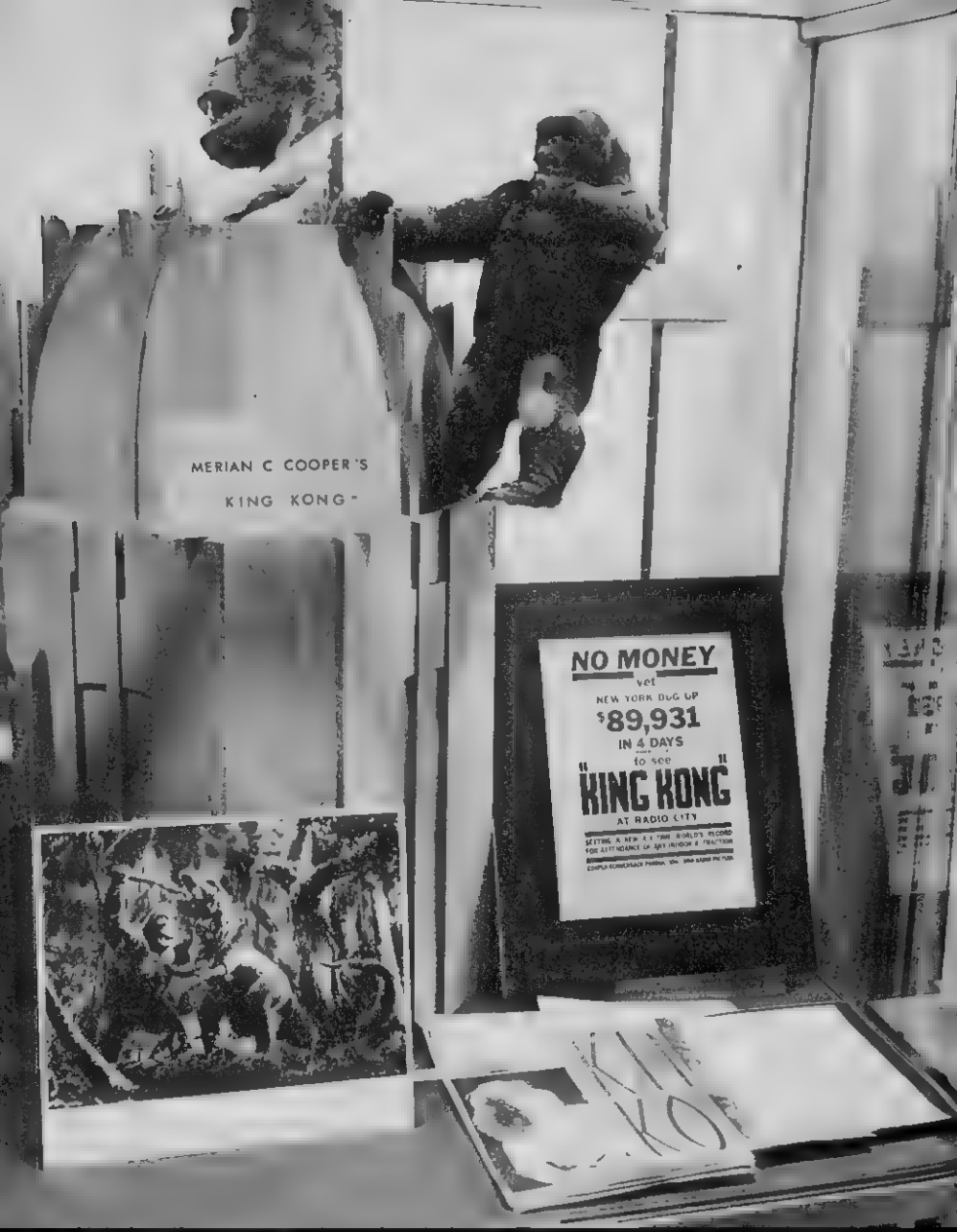
The warriors were storming down from the wall, they had seen the approach of the strangers.

"Open that gate," Driscoll ordered the sailors.

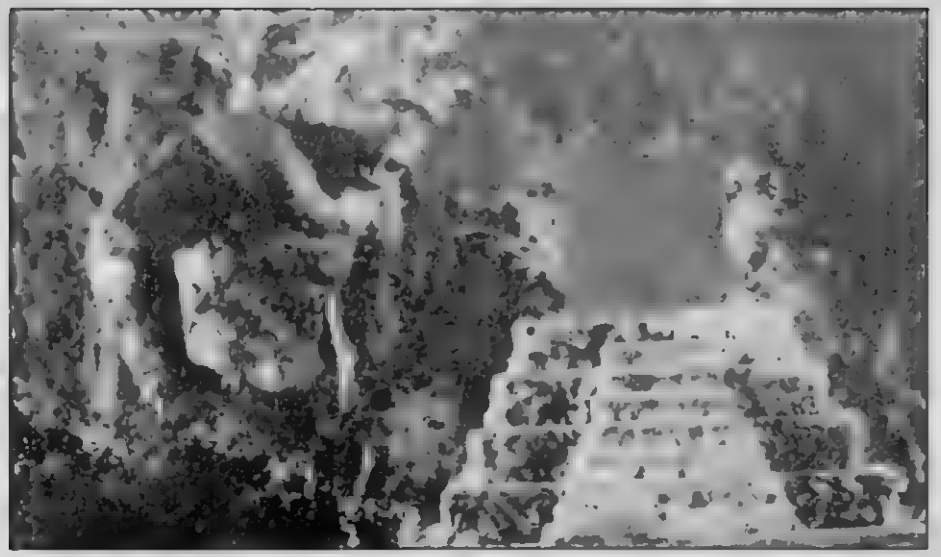
As a dozen huskies made for the gate, an ominous growl—half fear, half rage—rose from the natives. At last they got the bar down and tore open the windows. Jack Driscoll ran

WHEN KONG WAS BORN

Detail of painting by FM's late cover artist Albert Nuetzell, who recreated the *original* painting by O'Brien & Crabbe that was the inspiration for the making of the movie KING KONG.



Memorabilia from KONG from Merian C. Cooper's own collection, displayed in Hollywood in the late 1960s.



to the opening just in time to see the giant ape vanish with the girl he loved.

"My God!"

He fell back.

"What is it, Jack?" Denham croaked.

Driscoll stared into the jungle, stunned. When he came to he reached for Denham. His big hand took Denham by the lapels of his coat. He slammed him against the wall.

"Curse you—she's gone! You—" Driscoll screamed.

Denham's face grew purple with rage. He lifted his fist; then with swift understanding of the other's feeling, he dropped it.

"Sorry, Jack—I couldn't forsee this—I'm going after her, Jack—I'll have her back to you—or else . . . "

"I'm with you, Denham—I lost my head."

"We're all going!" the sailors yelled.

"Who's got the gas bombs?" demanded Denham. "Alright, you & half the men come with us. The rest of you & the skipper stay here—and keep that gate open—do you hear?"

Swiftly they marched out. Denham called over his shoulder once more:

"Whatever you do—keep that gate open, Englehorn!"

Chapter 12
PURSUIT OF THE MONSTER

Driscoll & Denham led the sailors straight ahead into the nite. A hundred yards or so outside the great wall they came to a halt. They had plunged thru the gate heedlessly, in a fever of excitement and with only one thought—to rescue Ann from Kong. But now the appalling magnitude of their task struck them with full force. Before them lay the island jungle, doubly fearsome

Above, tabletop shot of miniature work; below, with reduced size live-action projected on screen behind cut out portion at top of sacrificial stairs.

because its unknown terrors lay cloaked in utter darkness Should they turn right or left or proceed straight forward?

"What was he like, Jack?" Denham asked huskily "You got a glimpse of him "

A look of pain passed across the first mate's face at the question. The thought of Ann, whom he loved more than he had ever thought it possible to love any one, in that monster's grip brought beads of perspiration trinkling down his cheeks. His whole frame trembled

"Denham—he was as big as a house An ape of some kind—and he was carrying Ann in one hand—like you or I might carry a loaf of bread." Jack Driscoll almost sobbed

Denham placed a kindly hand for an instant on the other's shoulder He was silent, staring into the nite, watching for the dawn to break. But when he next spoke he was himself again

"Don't worry," he snarled arrogantly "no ape is going to make a monkey out of me Where the devil are those gas bombs?"

"Here, sir." The sailor who answered was scarcely more than a boy

"What's your name? Jimmy? Al right, Jimmy—you stick by me Let's go!"

Chapter 13
INTO THE UNKNOWN

On they went. Now & then they stopped to listen for a sign from Ann or the frightful beast that had carried her off

"What time is it?" Denham asked "It must be almost sunrise "

"I don't care what time it is," Driscoll answered gloomily, "as long as it isn't too late "

"Look!" one of the men cried

The first shaft of dawn light, sifting thru the trees, had fallen on a huge footprint

"It's enormous," Denham exclaimed "But we're on the right track—come on!"

They hurried on at increased speed They found themselves hastening along the top of a vast crevasse Down below they could make out dense shrubbery & the gnarled trunks of age-old trees Eventually they came to an open glade Here Kong's footprints were plainly visible in the soft earth Some of the sailors broke into a run, darting across the glade to the farther side where they disappeared in the forest

They were out of sight not more than a minute before they came tearing back—screaming with terror. They were in a panic, throwing their weapons right & left. They were shouting a frantic warning, meaningless & incoherent, pointing all the while over their shoulders at the woods behind them

Out of the primordial jungle, a crash like thunder heralding its approach, waddled an enormous spike-tailed beast, appalling beyond anything the eyes of modern man had ever beheld. The size of a Greyhound bus, it was armored like a tank, its dirty gray hide tough to the point of impenetrability

In its horrid head, 2 vicious little eyes Sprouting from its back, stalagmites. A stegosaurus!

Ten tons of terror!

Chapter 14
"BATTLE WITH A BEHEMOTH"

Driscoll took aim with his revolver Six times he fired but the beast remained motionless except for its head which moved up & down massively

The shots had no effect on it at all

Time stood still for a few fear-fraught seconds and then—the great animal galvanized into action, with astonishing speed for a body so big, it charged!

It opened wide its hideous jaws and the roar that issued from its raw red gullet clearly defied such things as puny man-made bullets to stop it in its tracks.

We promised you the censored giant spider. Well . . . this isn't it! Not that we don't have it—local Kongophiles like Mark McGee, Tim Dillenbeck, Chris Koppel, have seen it & could testify to that! But—just as we were about to publish it, Marcel Delgado found this *rare preliminary sketch* for us. We thot it would be anticlimactic to publish it *after* showing you the actual spider, so we're running it first.

The men screamed & scattered for cover. Only Driscoll, and Denham with Jimmy by his side, stood their ground. Denham, his feet planted wide apart, waited till the thing was almost on top of them.

Then he hurled a gas bomb.

There was a deafening roar as the bomb struck the animal, exploding just below its wedge-shaped head. As a cloud of noxious vapor enveloped them, the brute stumbled, fell. Anew, it roared in rage & agony. The smoke was stifling, breathtaking.

Gasping, the 3 men threw themselves onto the ground. They buried their faces in their arms to escape the choking gas.

Finally, Denham ventured to look up. The smoke was clearing. He could see the huge beast staggering, rocking from side to side like a building shaken by an earthquake. Then it crashed to the ground with a roar like a herd of rhinos.

"Those gas bombs will bring down anything," Denham asserted with satisfaction. "We'll get your ape alive, Jack!"

"Never mind the ape," Driscoll said sharply. "It's Ann we want. Come on, we're losing time!"

As Denham's men warily started to file past the mountainous carcass of the fallen beast, the stegosaurus twitched. "Look out, he's still alive!" cried Denham.

A shot.

A roar.

"C'mon, that got 'em!" Denham declared confidently. Now that the danger was passed, he inspected the monster at close range with a critical eye. "Look at the size of that thing!" he exclaimed. "It must be as big as a house!"

"What do you call this thing?" queried Driscoll.

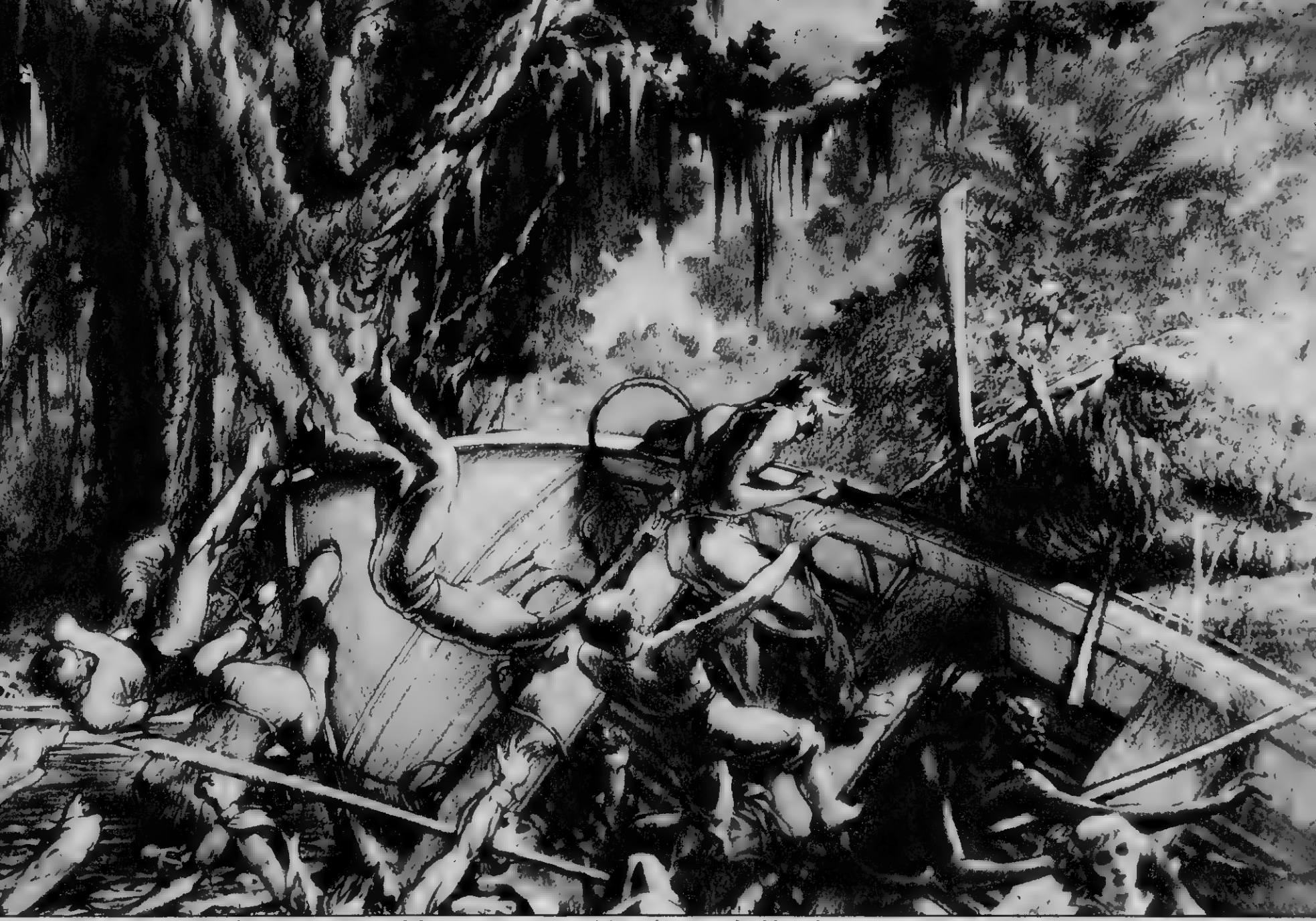
"Why, something from the dinosaur family."

"Dinosaur, eh?"

"Yes, Jack—a prehistoric beast."

It is but the first of many prehistoric beasts that they are destined to meet in this Lost World where dinosauria still roam—and rule.

The Saurian Stars of KING KONG—Stegosaurus, the spiked-one; Brontosaurus, with the rubber neck; Triceratops, with the triple horns; Tyrannosaurus Rex, the King of the Prehistoric Reptiles—and Kong, the King of Them All!



Studio artist's concept of the Brontosaurus capsizing a boat. (In the film it became a hastily constructed raft.)

Rare Foto. An *arsinoitherium*, a dinosaur that didn't make it onto the screen in KONG and a model which seems to have vanished from the face of the Earth.

Chapter 15
FROM TYRANNOSAURUS to BRONTOSAURUS

There was a deafening roar as it struck the animal just below the head. A cloud of smoke enveloped them all, a stifling breath taking smoke. Gasping, the three threw themselves on the ground. They buried their faces in their arms to escape the choking gas.

Finally, Denham ventured to look up. The smoke was clearing. He could see the huge beast staggering, it's 2 horns rocking from side to side like the twin towers of a building shaken by an earthquake. Then it crashed to the ground.

"Those gas bombs will bring down anything," Denham asserted with satisfaction. "We'll get your ape alive, Jack!"

"Never mind the ape," Driscoll said sharply. "It's Ann we want. Come on, we're losing time."

The sound of splashing could be distinctly heard.

"That's him! Splashing thru!" Driscoll shouted. "Come on -come on!"

The bank was steep & muddy. It was strewn with fallen logs. They stumbled down as best they could, guided by the sound of splashing water. As they reached the bottom the sounds ceased. Dimly, they made out a gigantic figure disappearing among the trees on the opposite shore. Kong had crossed the stream.

A feeling of helplessness overcame Driscoll as he surveyed the barrier that confronted them. The stream was wide & deep. For the moment no way of getting across presented itself. Swimming with their guns & bombs was out of the question and without these they would be helpless against the great ape. They could hear Kong crushing his way deeper into the jungle.

Then Driscoll saw the logs.

"Tim!" he yelled to one of the sailors. "Get some vines. Step on it!"

In a minute he had the men busy assembling logs and lashing them together with the vines the big sailor brought. Spurred on by Denham and the mate, the men worked with incredibel speed. Each man, in a fever of excitement, strained every muscle to complete the task. They felt themselves hot on the trail. Not many minutes elapsed before the improvised craft was afloat.

Denham was the first to leap aboard. A fierce glitter shone in his eyes.

"Watch out you don't get those guns & bombs wet," he shouted, as they loaded the raft.

They got on board, all but two, who waded up to their waists into the water, pushing the raft clear before they were helped aboard. With long poles the cumbersome raft was started across.

"Put your backs into it," Driscoll ordered. "And keep her upstream."

KING KONG's hand! Giant metal armature is displayed by youthful Marcel Delgado (right) & his seldom seen brother. Below, the armature now covered by rabbit fur, Kong's hand goes into action as he grasps wrong girl in New York bedroom, mistaking her for Ann Darrow.

They were in mid-stream. A grim smile twisted Carl Denham's hard mouth. A matter of minutes now and then—Kong! And even as the thot flashed across his mind he felt his arm gripped with a convulsive clutch. A sailor, his face ashen, his eyes bulging, was pointing The man was incapable of speech, nothing but gurgling sounds came from his chattering lips

Denham looked

"My God! A dinosaur!"

A huge scaly head reared itself slowly from the depths

The men let out shrieks like terrified beasts. A mad frenzy seized them all Frantically, they poled each in different directions. The unwieldly craft scarcely moved. No one heeded Denham's & Driscoll's orders. The ugly beast was on top of them now, its head reared higher & higher until the dripping jaws seemed to tower above them. Two of the sailors dove into the stream. Denham cursed and went for the munitions pile in the center of the raft

The dinosaur vanished below the surface.

Denham & Driscoll, one on each side of the raft, stood ready with bombs in their hands With tense faces they strove desperately to see below the surface of the muddy water Wide-eyed, the men watched them, too terrified to scream any longer.

Then the world seemed to turn upside down! The monster had come up underneath the raft One side tilted steadily higher The men strove by digging their finger nails into the logs to stay aboard. It was hopeless With a despairing cry that was wrung in unison from their throats, they plunged into the stream And with them the rifles and the bombs!

Driscoll & Denham struck out desperately for the shore where Kong had landed. The sailors followed all except two that drowned

Behind them came the brontosaurus, body as big as an elephant's nitemare, ending in a hungry neck like a swollen boa-constrictor

The man, Tim, was a slow swimmer He was the last to clamber up the soft bank He heard the shouts of his comrades and turned, to look into the gaping jaws of the jurassic juggernaut. With a piercing shriek he leaped out of reach and ran to the left Wide eyed he searched for a point of refuge The lumbering beast was again almost on top of him.

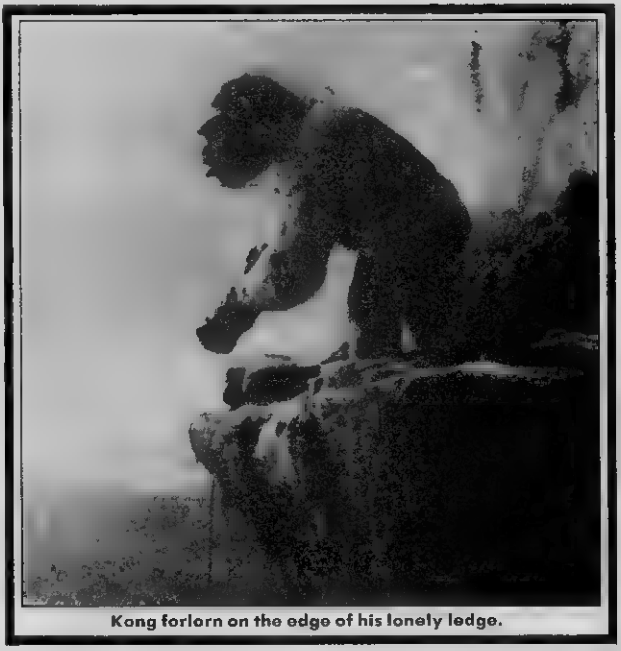
Denham took a step forward. He kept his eyes on Tim

"A bomb!" he snapped, reaching back with his hand

And as Jimmy's bitter answer came to him—"do you think I can swim with a box of bombs in my arms?" —Denham's blood went cold

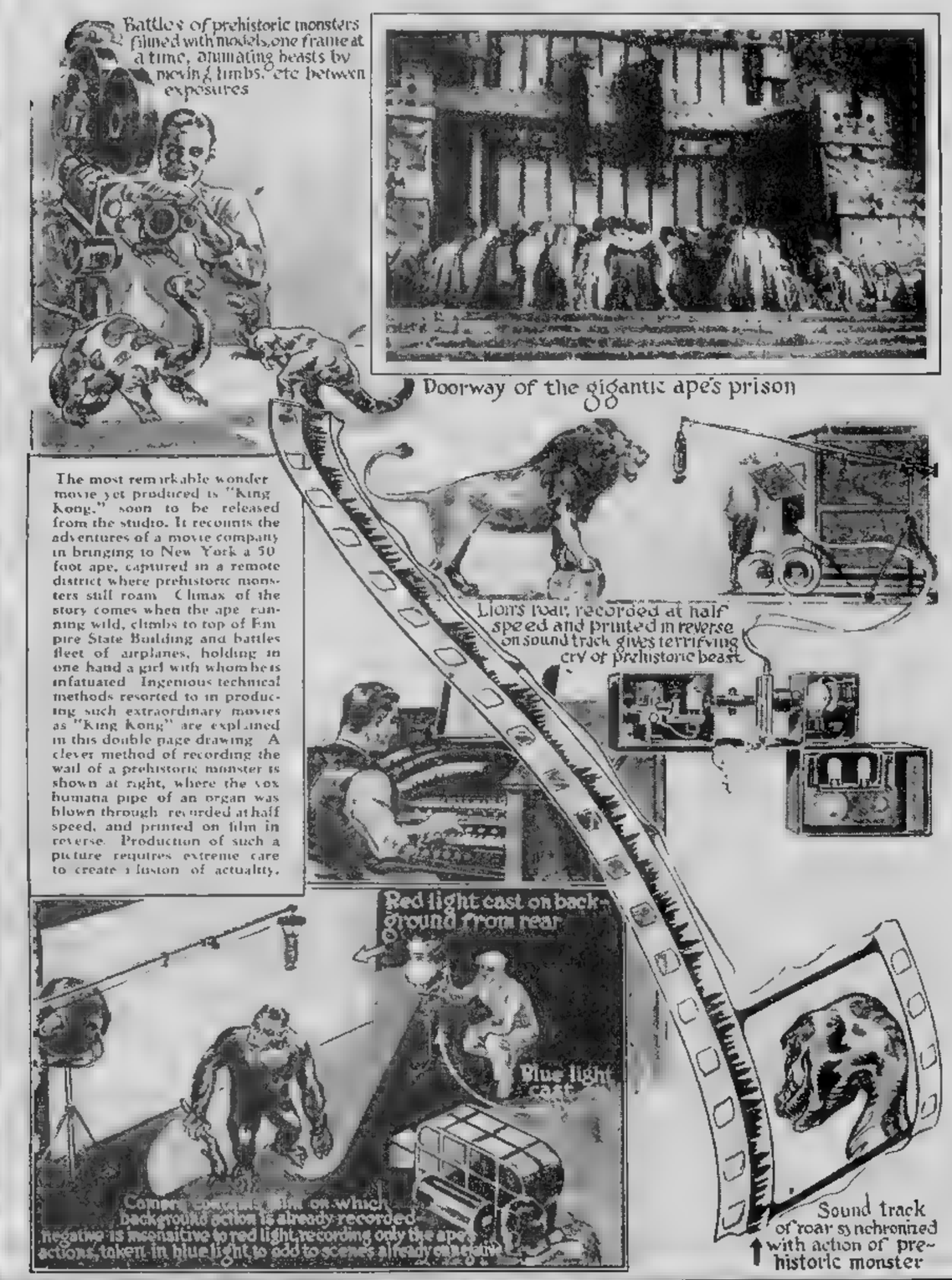
Tim had reached a tree He shot up the trunk with the speed of a squirrel, it was an instinctive desperate action. But the brontosaurus was taller than the tree In a leisurely fashion it poked its headinto the branches, there was a cry of stark terror from Tim—the men turned away as the monster lumbered off into the jungle with its prey

Last thing ever seen by one of Denham's men.

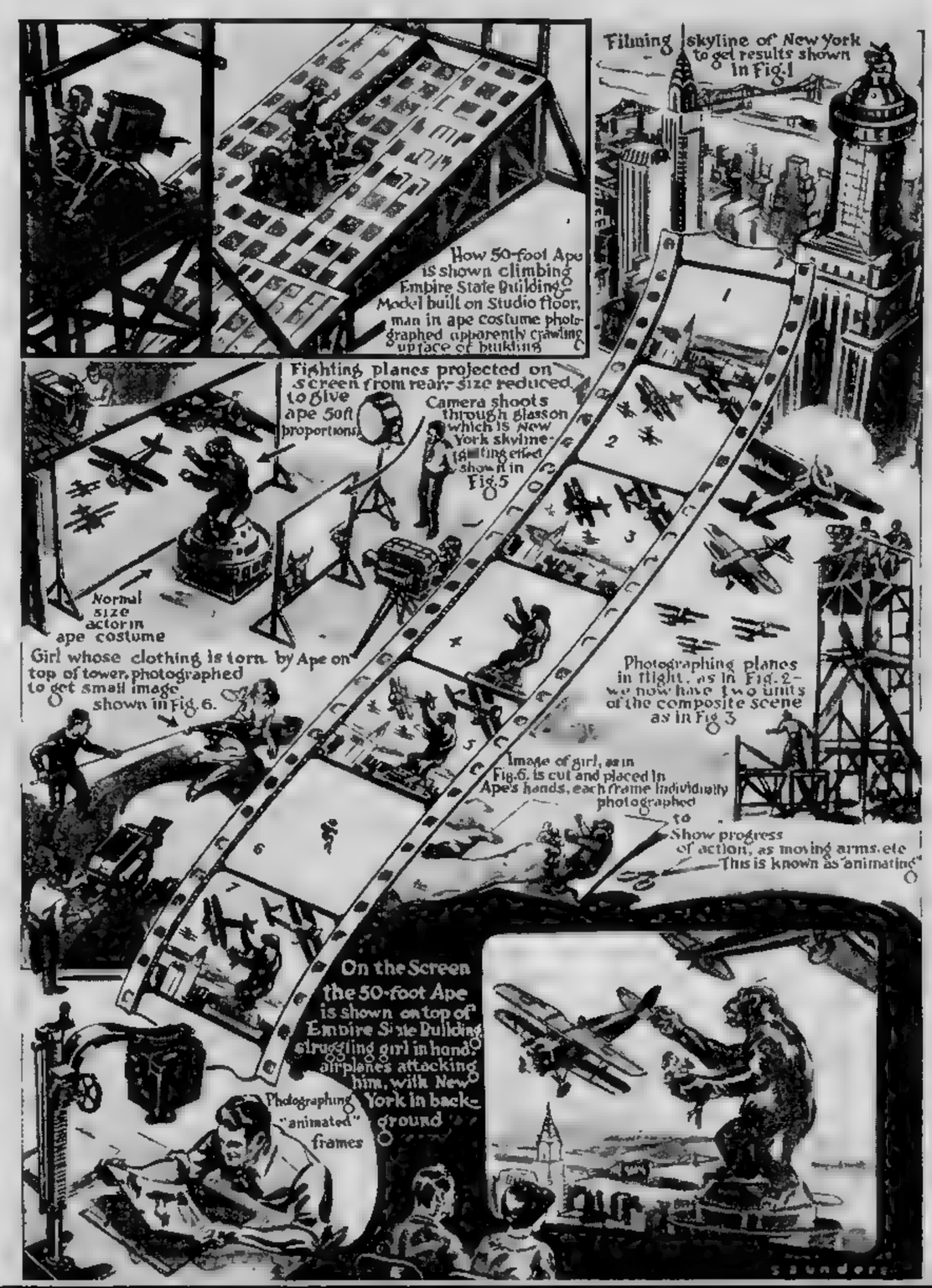


Kong forlorn on the edge of his lonely ledge.

Latest WONDER MOVIE is TECHNICAL MARVEL



The most remarkable wonder movie yet produced is "King Kong," soon to be released from the studio. It recounts the adventures of a movie company in bringing to New York a 50 foot ape, captured in a remote district where prehistoric monsters still roam. Climax of the story comes when the ape running wild, climbs to top of Empire State Building and battles fleet of airplanes, holding in one hand a girl with whom he is infatuated. Ingenious technical methods resorted to in producing such extraordinary movies as "King Kong" are explained in this double page drawing. A clever method of recording the wail of a prehistoric monster is shown at right, where the vox humana pipe of an organ was blown through recorded at half speed, and printed on film in reverse. Production of such a picture requires extreme care to create illusion of actuality.



Reproduced from the pages of *Modern Mechanix & Inventions* for April 1933. But everyone we have talked to who was concerned with the making of the picture staunchly denies that a man in an ape suit was employed at any time. Yet, when the late "monkey man" Choc. Gemora died, the newspapers reported that he had "played King Kong." (?!)

Above, treetrunk in which Kong places Fay Wray prior to monumental battle with Tyrannosaurus Rex. Below, men about to be hurled into the Spider Pit. (Note styracosaurus at right, behind men. This did not appear in the scene on the screen.)

Kong vs. "Rex." In my opinion, one of the greatest imagi-movie sequences ever filmed. Hear it again in your mind's ear: Kong roaring & beating his huge chest, Rex hissing & lashing his titantic tail thru the underbrush, the ground pounded by their savage stompings & leapings. A triumph of animation & sound innovation, a masterpiece of power & excitement.—Forrest J Ackerman

Chapter 16

WHEN KINGS COLLIDE

"Is there a rifle left?" Denham asked shakily He read the answer in the men's faces and a feeling of absolute hopelessness overcame him. "What now?" he mumbled to himself

"I'm going on," said Driscoll doggedly

The two of them started off The sturdy seamen paused for an instant, then with a shout they followed Stolidly, they plodded on, bravely yet fearfully, never knowing what new horror would unexpectedly confront them

Further ahead, Kong was suddenly confronted by one of the daily dangers of his life—in fact, his greatest danger Most of the island monsters wisely gave wide berth to the King but one adversary frequently challenged his superiority

Tyrannosaurus Rex! Multi-ton upright reptilian of saber-sharp teeth & raking claws

Many a combat Kong had fought in more years than he could remember, with this perennial enemy. One of the largest & fiercest of them all now confronted him

Carefully he placed Ann in the crook of a tree, preparatory to tackling this toughest of all terrors

Ensued, then, a battle of behemoths the like of which no mortal eye had ever beheld, no human ear ever heard Two prehistoric giants, mountains of muscle, fountains of energy, the great ape bellowing, roaring, the huge saurian hissing, gnashing

The very floor of the jungle shaking as tho in the grip of an earthquake

The air rent with the most hideous sounds of combat ever torn from primordial throats

Huge hairy fists, pounding, dangerous razor-edged talons, slashing

Blood of Kong, blood of Rex

Bleeding wounds, broken bones

The crash of falling trees mingled with grunts of surprise, screams of pain, roars of defiance

A struggle to the death between two Titans

And, after an eternity, its rapacious life crushed from it, one of the two great beasts lay dead

King Kong drew back and surveyed his fallen foe Then, in the time immemorial gesture of the triumphant bull ape, he beat his chest and the jungle reverberated with its thunder

Chapter 17

TRUNK OF TERROR

Meanwhile, Denham and his men came to a bog. The ground was nothing but black oozing mire, impossible to cross. Denham considered. Should they try to go around it?

They skirted the bog on the left, the side on which Kong had landed

"Look, sir!" Jimmy shouted

The man pointed to a spot some 50 yards away where a fallen tree bridged the ravine Kong, carrying Ann, was making his way across to the other side

It was a trying moment for Jack Driscoll He was closer to Ann now than he had been at any time since Kong had carried her off She seemed lifeless in the great ape's hand

He ran, the men close behind him. They reached the tree just as Kong got to the other sie. It was a big tree

Kong's mighty challenger & greatest jungle battle as first envisioned by the artist.

With monkey-like curiosity, Kong inspects his new "toy." (This scene frequently omitted from the cut down version shown on TV.)

and Driscoll stepped on it without hesitation. Below, he could see the slimy bottom of the ravine with weird spidery-like creatures crawling about in a world of their own. Slowly, he and the men made their way along the tree. Denham was the last. As he was about to place his foot on the precarious bridge, he stopped, arrested by a sound. He shouted, then jumped back and hid in the bushes.

A 3-horned beast had followed and was staring stupidly at the men on the tree.

Something must have warned Kong that he was being pursued, for as Driscoll was about to step off the tree, Kong returned. Frightened, the men behind him started back, but not Driscoll. Some 10 feet below the top of the ridge he had seen what looked like a cave. Tough vines were hanging down. Driscoll jumped. His clutching fingers caught the vines and he let himself down to the cave.

Kong seems bewildered at this sudden disappearance, he placed Ann on the ground and leaned over the edge to look down. He seemed to sense rather than to see the man directly below. His long arm reached down, pawing into the opening. Driscoll, drawn far back in the cave, felt that it was only a question of a few minutes before that exploring hand would reach him. In desperation he yanked out his knife and slashed at the great paw. Kong drew his hand back with a whimpering sound and licked the wound.

He looked at the tree crowded with the sailors and began gently to rock it. The men cried out in fear. They started back only to discover their retreat cut off by the triceratops. Kong rocked the tree, dumping half the sailors to the bottom of the ravine. Driscoll, helpless, couldn't bear the sight below—a giant spider crawling towards the fallen sailors.

Again Kong reached down with his paw, and once more Driscoll slashed it with his knife. Somehow Kong connected his assailant with the tree. He rocked it more agrily, dislodging all but 2 of the sailors who, lying crossways on their stomachs, managed to hang on.

The great ape growled. He braced himself as if to gather all his strength and, grasping the end of the tree he dashed it to the bottom of the ravine. For a moment he looked down, then, satisfied that he had disposed of his enemies, picked up Ann and strode off.

The triple-horned horror had gone, and Denham cautiously came out of the bush. He could see Driscoll across the way in the cave. He waved his arms in a gesture that meant nothing to the mate.

"Go back," shouted Driscoll. "Go back and get some more men—and some bombs."

For a minute, Denham stood irresolute. Then

"Alright, Jack, I'll try to get back. Maybe we won't see each other again. So long. Good luck." And he was gone.

Chapter 18
[redacted]
—AND AHEAD

Driscoll, alone, stood considering. He stuck his head out of the cave and

Kong places his precious "doll" in the fork of a tree, preparatory to doing battle with his dread adversary, Tyrannosaurus Rex.

The 8th Wonder of the World was the height of 8 gorillas with arms raised.

looked up. There was no sound, no sound of Kong

No sound? But—wait Something *sluthery* . . . below.

He looked down

And nearly fainted

It was something indescribable, some abomination of nature crawling up from the realms of Dante's inferno. His knife, powerless against it. With agility born of necessity, he scrambled up a rope-like vine like an Olympic athlete

Once on his feet at the top of the ravine, he started off in pursuit of Ann.

The ape had disappeared but his trail of broken branches with an occasional enormous footprint was plain enough Driscoll followed

As Ann opened her eyes, she saw the great figure of Kong leaning over her. A piercing scream escaped her Kong's wrinkled face assumed an expression of surprise Again she felt his great paw around her waist and as he straightened himself he lifted her up, inspecting her curiously

She screamed "Jack! Jack!"

Kong's eyes widened in astonishment. He shook her a little to see if she would do it again, and when she made no further outcry he seemed disappointed

A new idea came to him. He must be on his way to his home. His eyes traveled into the distance where Ann could see the mountain that looked like a skull

Driscoll, a few hundred yards be

hind, was prowling steadily after him, but Kong saw nothing.

Once or twice he raised Ann from his side and looked at her with that same quizzical expression on his face.

Chapter 19
THE KING'S CASTLE

Before them lay the mountain. To the right, a steep cliff that led to Kong's lair.

The ground began to rise and presently they came to a great cave—Kong's castle. There was a shaft of light that shone thru the back of the cave thru a fissure in the rock. The light dimly illuminated an oily lagoon.

The great ape sat down beside the black waters and placed Ann on the ground before him. For a second she stood there, immobile, staring at him wide-eyed in horror. Then she started to run.

Kong reached out & pulled her back.

He stood her before him.

Again she ran, and again. Always he recaptured her with ease. The game seemed to please him. He was playing with her as a cat a mouse. And, while playing, he failed to notice what had crawled, slimy-wet, from the depths of the dark murky waters near at hand.

An enormous eel? Sea serpent? Whatever it was, it suddenly was about Kong's neck, a constricting collar that threatened to cut off his wind. He grasped at his throat, tore the offending thing from his body, threw it to the ground. But with the recoil of a spring the slippery, coiling thing was back upon him, wrapping its powerful folds about his barrel chest, squeezing the breath from his body.

Again Kong tore the twisting writhing snake-shape from him, pounded it with a fist. Again it eluded his grasp, wound itself about him.

He fell. It squeezed. He pounded the rock floor in agony. Then with one great effort he tore it a last time from his body, slammed it death-hard down, pummelled it with his huge hairy fists.

The repulsive thing lay still. Dead. But he could not quite trust it. He held it in his hand like a piece of soft & soggy rope, and examined its limpness quizzically.

Chapter 20
THE ENEMY FROM THE AIR

Satisfied at last that his latest attacker would trouble him no more, Kong picked up Ann and carried her out into the open air atop his aerie. There, he was King of the World.

Temporarily at peace with the world, he turned his full attention now to examining his prize. He poked at her curiously, never ceasing to wonder at her constant outcries. It amused him to observe how easily she "came apart," how her "skin"—he did not recognize it as clothing—was so easily removable from her person by his great fingers.

But before he had plucked away too much of her dress, he heard a sound that distracted him. It was Driscoll, who had tracked him to his cave, and was now hiding behind a boulder by the lagoon.

Kong left Ann to investigate.

As he neared Driscoll's hiding place, with animal cunning Kong seemed to sense him there. He tried to peer over the top of the immense stone to see what was behind it. Then he started around it. Driscoll kept moving, always keeping the boulder between himself and Kong.

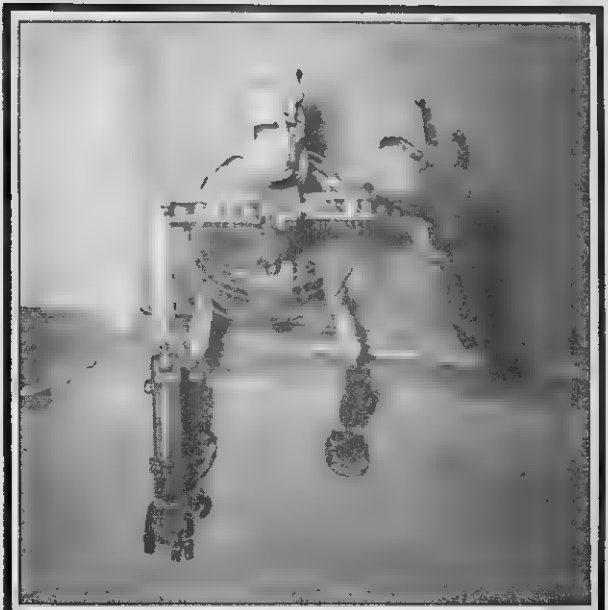
Ann, half-fainted from her ordeal, lay on the exposed ledge, panting for breath, attempting to regain her strength.

Suddenly, from out of thin air, there swept a hair-raising monstrosity: an experiment of nature, half bird, half reptile—a pterodactyl! Scooping up Ann in its ugly claws, it was about to flap away with her on its awkward great leathery black wings when—!

An outraged Kong appeared on the scene! Comprehending the situation at a glance: this winged intruder was stealing *his* sacrifice, the one his faithful native subjects had given him, the one he had fought Rex and the lake creature to keep.

He roared. Swatted. Caught the pterodactyl as a man might a bat—and proceeded to wring its neck, rend its wings, batter it to death.

In his distraction he did not notice that Driscoll had raced in, scooped up Ann, and with her clinging tightly around his neck, had started to lower himself and his precious cargo down a convenient thick vine hanging from the overledge.



Skeleton of Kong! The armature that Marcel Delgado created & Willis O'Brien animated. (Foto courtesy Jim Danforth.)

Chapter 21
THE ESCAPE ATTEMPT

Hand over hand, Driscoll was a short way down the vine when Kong noticed Ann was missing. Quick to investigate, it was not long before he discovered her attempted avenue of escape.

Enraged, Kong began pulling up the vine as a fisherman his line. Starting, Jack & Ann to swinging dangerously to & fro. With every increasing arc they threatened to dash against the ragged rock wall.

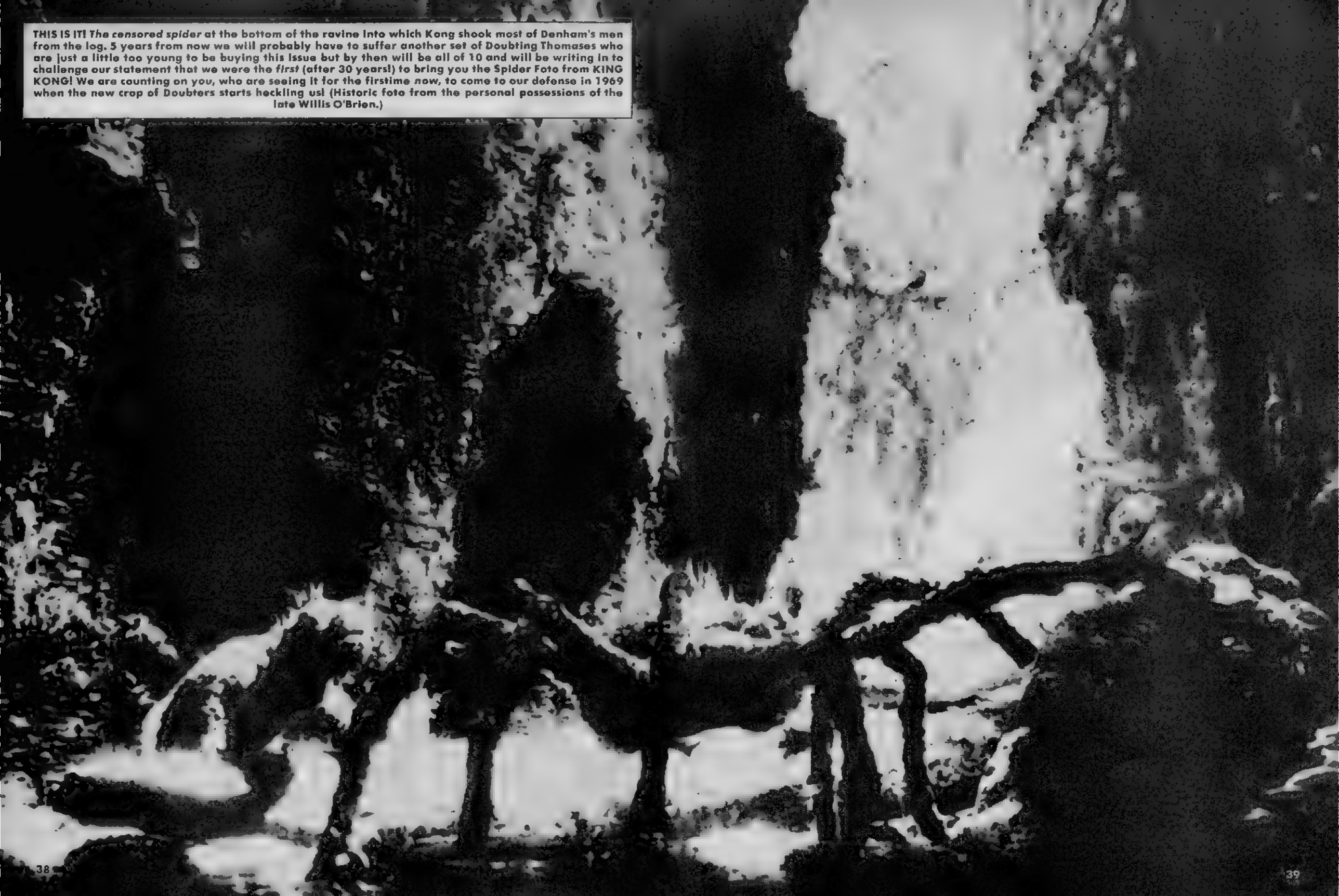
Then Ann began to slip! With her waning strength it became quickly obvious that she could not hold on to Jack much longer. And besides—to what end? Only to be pulled up into terrifying captivity again by the monster ape? Jack undoubtedly killed outright, smashed to a bloody pulp with one hammer blow from the infuriated giant?

It was a long shot but they risked the only way out. They let go.

They fell & fell until at last their fall was broken—

By the hard & icy waters below.

The swiftly flowing river revived them and carried them quickly from the peril of immediate recapture by Kong.



THIS IS IT! *The censored spider* at the bottom of the ravine into which Kong shook most of Denham's men from the log. 5 years from now we will probably have to suffer another set of Doubting Thomases who are just a little too young to be buying this issue but by then will be all of 10 and will be writing in to challenge our statement that we were the *first* (after 30 years!) to bring you the Spider Foto from KING KONG! We are counting on *you*, who are seeing it for the firstime *now*, to come to our defense in 1969 when the new crop of Doubters starts heckling us! (Historic foto from the personal possessions of the late Willis O'Brien.)

One of Denham's brave men dies at the jaws of a ferocious dinosaur.

Chapter 22

DENHAM RETURNS

Englehorn with his men stood peering anxiously thru the open gate. Hours had gone by and still there was no sign of Denham and the rest.

At some distance the sinister natives were grouped. There had been some trouble at first but a few shots over their heads had quieted them down. It was their first contact with firearms. Now they stood, muttering, their fear equally divided between the strangers with their thunder-sticks and the terrifying thought of the great ape tearing through the open gate.

Fron atop the lookout post on the wall, a sailor shouted: "There's someone coming!" The other sailors jammed the gateway, their rifles ready, prepared for any emergency.

Staggering thru the shrubbery, his clothes torn to shreds, came the figure of Denham. He fell into the skipper's arms completely exhausted.

"A drink!" he gasped. "Give me something to drink."

In disjointed phrases he finally managed to tell them what had happened.

"I've got to go back. I've got to go back, now," he said grimly. "Give me a few men, Englehorn, and some gas bombs. Ann's back there and . . . . Jack."

Another shout from the lookout on the wall. This time there was a triumphant note in his voice.

"Here they come! It's Driscoll & Miss Ann!"

The man was right.

Chapter 23

KONG ARMOR

"What happened?" "Howja do it?" A chorus of voices eagerly queried the pair.

"Came down the river," explained Driscoll breathlessly.

"Wait a minute—what about Kong?" The question came—inevitably—from Denham.

Driscoll's temper flared short. "Well . . . what about him?"

"We came here to get a motion picture and we found something worth more than all the movies in the world! We've got those gas-bombs—if we can capture him alive!" Already Denham's vivid imagination was running away with him.

But Driscoll had had a bellyful. Besides, Ann's safety was now his chief concern. "Why, you're crazy," he snarled. "Besides . . . he's on a cliff where a whole army couldn't get him."

"Yeah . . . if he stays there. But we've got something he wants."

Driscoll's eyes narrowed. "Some-

Run for your lives! The Great Gate of Skull Island is open—and the captive King is loose!

thing he won't get again!" he promised.

Suddenly, in the forest, outside the great wall, there was a tearing & crunching. Frightful shrieks went up from the natives. "Kong! Kong! Kong!" they cried in terror.

"Shut that gate!" the skipper roared.

But the gate could not shut out the *sound* of Kong. Over the wall the huge beast's voice bellowed, threatening like the boom of a mighty cannon.

Then there was a total silence. Ominous Brief.

With a thunderous crash, Kong hurled his whole huge body against the gate.

Another silence—another roar—another crash.

The gate bulged inward . . . a third crash . . . and the doors split open.

Kong loomed up before them, a towering breast-beating mass of fury!

With unearthly cries the natives fled for their huts. The white men followed. Denham looked around for Ann but Driscoll was already running with her in his arms toward the beach.

An instant Denham hesitated. A shadow flickered across his face. Then he ran with the rest.

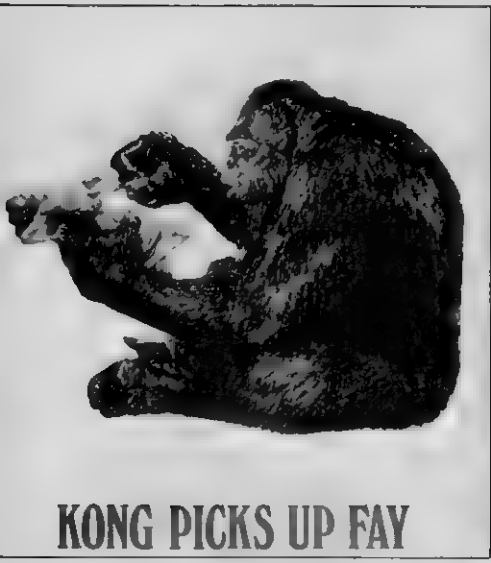
In the heart of the village Denham rallied his men. He was the old Denham once more, intrepid & arrogant. Fortunately, the men had retained their weapons in their mad flight, while the shadow of Kong loomed over the tops of the huts, Denham stood in the open square, a gas bomb in each hand.

Kong, snarling & outraged, tore the roof off the first hut he came to. He thrust in a huge hairy arm, withdrew a howling native. He regarded the struggling figure in his paw, then dropped it to its death.

Spears & arrows whistled thru the air, knicking Kong's tough hide enough to annoy him.

He toppled another hut, strewing natives about like matchsticks.

One wide-eyed warrior he crushed into the mud like a rag doll.



KONG PICKS UP FAY

FAY TAKES KONG IN HAND!

Chapter 24

CAPTURE OF THE KING

Kong came to the square and stopped.

There stood a man who did not flee from him, who barred his way single-handed. Hatred darkened Kong's features. This men was different from the natives—he looked like the man who had stolen his golden bride!

With a monstrous cry of passion Kong went for Denham.

Two strides and Kong felt something strike him on the chest. It wasn't a heavy blow; ordinarily, Kong would not have halted for so trivial an attack, but a sound accompanied that blow—a sound such as Kong had never heard before. Kong stopped in his tracks. That sound seemed to have deafened his ears and, worse than that, a smell unknown to Kong was making his eyes water—was filling his lungs with something that cut off his breath, choking him.

Desperately but blindly he lunged toward the little white man in the square. He felt himself reel; bewildered, he tried to make his instincts function, Another blow and again that incredible noise that sounded to him something like thunder close at hand.

Then Kong toppled to the ground and knew no more.

* * *

On the nite that was to witness the first exhibition of Kong, the vast theater that Denham had hired had filled to overflowing. The great ape had been transferred backstage from the ship with the utmost secrecy & great skill. The big truck (the sort used for the transportation of huge girders) had been completely covered so that no one caught a glimpse of Kong. Then followed days of

clever press-agenting so that every man, woman & child in the area of Greater New York knew that "The 8th Wonder of the World" was coming.

There was $10,000 in the box-office the first nite!

Backstage, Denham briefed the press. "Kong could have stayed safe where he was but he couldn't stay away from Beauty."

Then, his reputation preceding him, the master showman stepped out in front of the curtain. "Ladies & Gentlemen—" he cut thru the applause; "I am here tonite to tell you a very strange story, a story so strange that no one will believe it. But, Ladies & Gentlemen, seeing is believing, and we—my partners & I—have brought back the living proof of our adventure, an adventure in which 12 of our party met horrible deaths. And now, before I tell you any more, I am going to show you the greatest thing your eyes have ever beheld—

"KONG!'

At a signal, the curtains slowly rose.

Cries of astonishment rose simultaneously from every corner of the auditorium, as the body of the behemoth was revealed in its entirety. "Don't be alarmed, Ladies & Gentlemen!" Denham cried reassuringly; "those chains are made of chrome steel."

Then he introduced the audience to Ann Darrow, "Bravest girl I have ever known, who has lived thru an experience no other woman has ever dreamed of."

Kong was truly a magnificent spectacle. The confines of the stage made him seem even more immense than he actually was. And yet something about Denham's words seemed to be cutting down his size. "He was a King and a god in the world he knew but now he comes to civilization merely a captive, a show to gratify your curiosity."

Was this the destiny for which Kong had been born millions of years ago? A proud monarch, ruler of all he surveyed, now reduced to a freak of Nature for the entertainment of ants in pants & top hats?

Kong looked down at the little vermin and roared & roared. The volume of his roar was as great as ever but to Ann it lacked something: that note of triumph, of fearless superiority.

Chapter 25
THE KING BREAKS FREE

Slowly, Ann forced herself to look at the great ape. She looked into his huge brown wrinkled visage, with its gleaming white teeth as big as elephants' tusks, and shuddered. Kong's expression was one of hurt helplessness. His abused brain was unable to grasp the catastrophe that had overtaken him. He, the great Kong, who had ruled a world and held it in a grip of fear, was helpless before a crowd of chattering little apes.

The bewildered beast looked toward Ann. Jack Driscoll had his arm protectively around her. Kong felt a pang of jealousy: he disliked someone else sharing his possession.

That alone—the sight of Ann in the arms of another—might have spurred him to a Gargantuan effort to be free; but, if that were not enough, now the element of fear was introduced: flashbulbs began popping in his face.

The photographers were firing away like mad, now; every newsman, magazine representative, freelancer striving to capture a pictorial record of Kong's debut.

The flashing fireflies distracted Kong, distressed him. He longed to snuff out the barrage of bursting star-shells that blinded him, cover his aching great red eyes.

Rumblings came from deep within Kong like the climax of an earthquake. They reached his throat and exploded, shaking the auditorium with their vibrations.

Terror spread thru the audience like wildfire in a tinder-dry forest.

People panicked, tore for the exits, wild animal-like cries issuing involuntarily from their throats.

Denham's shouts for order, the ushers' futile admonitions, the tumult of the stampeding mob—all suddenly were silenced, hushed, by an overriding sound: the sinister snap of Kong's chains!

The monster was loose!

The greatest bersek murder-machine modern society had ever seen was uncontrolled!

Kong's jungle-cry of freedom & revenge rang out into the astonished steel-&-stone jungle of startled humanity in autos & afoot. Above the toot of taxi and clang of traffic, a sound unknown to civilized ears: the tomtom-like beat of giant fists on giant chest.

Soon sirens would be screaming all over the city.

Pandemonium reigned.

Chapter 26
NEW YORK AT BAY

Only Driscoll paid no attention to the uproar of the mad crowd rioting. He picked up Ann and dashed her thru the wings and out into the nite. His hotel was across the street.

Behind him came Kong.

But the revolving doors which formed the entrance to the hotel were an effective barrier to the puzzled ape. They were too small for him to pass thru. Baffled, and jabbering with rage, he looked up at the tall structure that confronted him. A few floors above, a girl was near a window, wondering what was causing the commotion in the street.

To Kong this could be no one but Ann.

He reached up, grasped hold of the stone coping above and started to climb the building. The window ledges made convenient steps. He reached the girl's window, reached in and wrapped his big paw around her.

He gave her one glance and flung her back into the room, a look of disappointment on his face. Determinedly, he climbed from floor to floor, peering thru each window as he went.

Ann & Driscoll were shooting up in an elevator. Jack led her, sobbing, to his room.

"There," he comforted, "you're safe here, darling." How wrong he was, both were shortly to know.

"Jack, it's terrible, It's just like being back on the island!"

She dropped, trembling, on the bed.

Outside, in the roaring world of New York, tragedy was in the making, moments away.

An elevated train, packed with commuters, sped along its skyway track. Suddenly, ahead, before the horrified eyes of the motorman, an unbelievable sight: the huge shaggy head of *Kong*!

The electricity of the third rail jolted Kong with an unpleasant shock. As he always reacted to unpleasant things, Kong instinctively struck out. With tight clenched fist he pounded down on the railroad tracks, splitting them apart as tho they were made of solder.

The motorman tried to brake the roaring express train but—too late! The doomed passengers were flung forward, whirled about like limp rags in a washing machine. Their bodies were broken, knocked unconscious, upside down, thru shattering glass windows, hurtling onto the sidewalks below.

Like sardines splitting forth from gas-burst side of rust-thin tin cans.

And Kong cracked the cars open like nuts as they were derailed. Then resumed his search for Ann.

Chapter 27
ANN IN PERIL

He found her.

He took her . . . half-fainting, screaming.

Now he started to climb with her, away from the shots & shocks of pursuing humanity.

Where the room of an adjoining building was lower, he climbed down; where it was higher, he climbed up.

Finally, Ann stopped screaming. She was white with fear. Whenever they came to the end of a street, she could feel Kong gather himself to leap across. Below, she could faintly hear the excited shouts of the milling crowds and the much louder wails of the sirens attached to the fire engines. She could see the beams of the searchlights crossing back & forth, trying to locate them.

Finally a shaft of light struck & held them. The roar of the crowd rose in volume. Kong stopped & blinked. He went on. He was making soft crooning noises to himself.

He came to a halt and looked up. The building next to them towered into the sky majestically. A queer pleased sound came from his throat. Here was a fitting throne for Kong—the Empire State Building!

He made his way up, each window a single step, till he arrived at the very top. The searchlights kept him in view. He came to the shining dome. He placed Ann down beside him, stretched his arms, pounded his chest and roared. Once more, king of all he surveyed.

Ann lay huddled where he had placed her. She looked fearfully about. She saw no avenue of escape, no place where she could hide. In the east it grew lighter. In a few minutes the sun would be up.

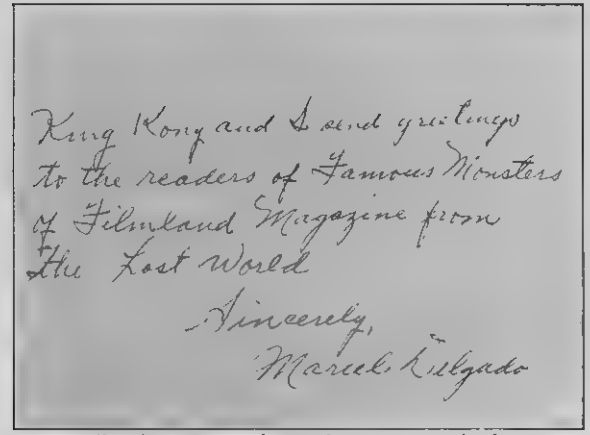
Off to the left of her, came a faint whirring noise.

Chapter 28
LAST CHAPTER FOR A CHAMPION

Kong was puzzled—a flock of pterodactyls approaching, greater than he had ever seen? But Ann recognized the familiar hum of airplane motors. There were 6 of them,

Somewhere in the mists of the Mirage World exists another version of KING KONG where he was exhibited in Yankee Stadium instead of a theater. In *both* worlds he broke loose! (An extremely rare drawing made prior to actual production of the movie.)

Dramatic drawing showing scene as it would eventually look on film when Kong shook down half of New York for Fay Wray.


King Kong and I send greetings
to the readers of Famous Monsters
of Filmland Magazine from
the Lost World
Sincerely,
Marcel Delgado

Kong's creator sends greetings to our readers!

and when they were close enough they formed a circle, whirling round & round the dome.

Uncomprehendingly, Kong watched them—and roared.

The leading plane came very close. Now the tactics became familiar to Kong; he had been attacked like this before by great birds on his island. He stood motionless, teeth bared

Presently, as he had expected, one of them came too close He reached out, grasped it by the wing, broke it, flung it crashing to the sidewalk hundreds of feet below

He pounded his chest and roared defiance at this world of pygmies that mocked & hurt him.

Now a new sound came to his ears—accompanied by many small pains. The source of the sound & the pains was perplexing to him but Ann recognized the chatter of machineguns. She crouched lower for

Sketch by artist (Byron Crabbe?) of Kong attacked & attacking on his island. Hero & heroine Fay Wray & Bruce Cabot as Ann Darrow & Jack Driscoll in circle.

protection from richocheting bullets.

Kong was mystified, angered Peppery little things began to strike him in the chest, about the face, on his neck; things that stung—burned—brought forth blood.

Anxiously he looked down at Ann.

Once more he faced the vicious birds that kept out of his reach but span hot lead at him. The bits of fire kept biting his chest compounding his hurt. He felt them penetrate his body, making him cough.

He roared louder, more menacingly, swung his great arms wildly—

But the killer-birds would not go away.

He was the strongest thing on earth and it frightened him to feel a weakness he had never known before. His vision was blurring, his breathing becoming labored, his head fuzzy, dizzy, swimming.

He looked round, pitifully, for Ann. Thru a blood-red haze he reached down to grasp his golden doll.

Now the pains were becoming multiplied, unendurable, as the death-birds grew bolder, diving at him like burning bolts of lightning.

His head seemed to be filled with angry stinging bees.

His throat was on fire.

Another dive, another burst of sound, Niagara-loud in his ears, lava-hot on his body

His grip on the mooring mast of the Empire State weakened.

He looked sadly at Ann.

Took one more futile swipe at a fire-bird.

Took one more charge of lead in his burning throat.

And then—

His hand loosened; his fingers lost contact with the spire.

He tottered on the brink of oblivion.

Poised high in the sky between death & eternity.

Lost his balance entirely and . . .

Plunged 102 stories, to shatter the concrete of Manhattan below . . . and every bone in his giant body.

* * *

"Let me thru, officer—my name's Carl Denham." Denham elbowed his way thru the mob and police barrier to the side of Kong as the crowd picked up his name and echoed it: "Denham! Oh, that's the man who captured the monster."

The officer smiled as he gazed at the inert body of the conquered beast. "Well, Denham," he said with smug satisfaction, "the airplanes got him."

But Denham, with an inner eye of philosophical reflection, saw more clearly. "Oh, no," he corrected, "it wasn't the airplanes—" And then he spoke the famous 6 last words that rang down the final curtain on the tragedy of Kong:

"It was Beauty killed the beast."

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DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN for GARY J. JOHNSON, DAVID LATTIN, GEO. McBEATH, JIM PIERSON, CASEY SEEBON, BOB ORTEGA, TONY MULLINS, BOBBY BONNER & LEE PAUL MIMMS. (Hey, fellas—it's VINCE in whom you're supposed to evince an interest—not Vulnavia!)

BLOOD FROM THE MUMMY'S TOMB flows for MEL WILLMIRTH, MIKE A. CAPPOTTO 2d, RICKEY SKINNER, MIKE WILDE, FRANK MALICKSON, BRYAN MOOSE, PHILIP BARTMESS, ANDY D. FAILOR, JAN & JOY BLACK, RALPH CLEMENTE, DONNY BARBER, MARK STAKEM, GREG KETTER, SCOTT PEARSON, KEVIN E. SMITH, JOHN FEARNLEY, EDDIE F. KRUEGER, JOE O'GRADY and ADAM, ROBT. & JOHN JR. CIOLFI.

Congratulations, ERIC SCHULZ, RALPH REYES, RUSS TONKS, BRIAN CSUK, HERBERT HAEUSSLER, CRISPIN BURNHAM, AL UPTAIN, SHAWN RUPLINGER, DAVID RAECK, STEVE LEMNER, JIM TORKELSEN & ARTHUR FEINLEIB—you have won a *JOURNEY TO THE FAR SIDE OF THE SUN!*

YOU AXED FOR IT!

Something raw—a still from INFOMAN—is chosen for ROGER McKEE, PAUL FLORES, ALAN OLSON, JOHN R. MOGLIA JR., KURT CRUPPENINK, ARTHUR BAKER, KENTON SEM, TOM TIMMERMAN, STEVE BROWN, RONNIE MEADE, JEFF JUMPER & BILLY WISE.

One of the *VAMPIRE PEOPLE* makes a midnight appearance (with winged friend) for DAVE SUPULSKI, C. NEW, NAVAH COHEN, RICKY DONALDSON, JAMES L. DIXON 3d, RANDY WYATT & CARLEY REED.

Fair Warning, CHAS. DRAUGHON, DAVID LANGE, G. BANKS, DENNIS CHAN, JIMMY GODWIN, SCOTT MALLOY, TRAVIS CHEER, JOHN R. GRAHAM, JOHN PERULLO & TERRY CURREN. Beware *THE WEREWOLF VS. THE VAMPIRE WOMAN.*

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Q Hope you can help me, Professor For years I've been trying to unearth photos and information on the film THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS Let's see what you can do! ANNE MARIE STRZELECKI

ROMAN POLANSKI
Director, in cameo, looks on as friend meets Count Krolock

A The film was originally entitled YOUR TEETH IN MY NECK, and starred Ferdy Mayne as the vicious Count Krolock Here, the vampire explains his own philosophy of life to the Professor (Jack Macgowran) and Alfred (played by director Roman Polanski) The spoof was released through Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Q Was it Lon Chaney Sr Boris Karloff or Bela Lugosi who played THE GOLEM in the classic film? JEFFREY MORRISON

PAUL WEGENER
The monster who's solid as the Rock of Gibraltar

A Actually, Jeff, it was none of the above. The legendary man of stone was portrayed by Paul Wegener The man-monolith could be activated and deactivated by pressing the star on his chest

Q I think IT! THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE is one of the finest science fiction movies ever made Can you tell me in what year it was made and who played the monster in it? EDDIE KRUEGER

RAY "CRASH" CORRIGAN
From serial star to martian monster

A Ray "Crash" Corrigan portrayed a martian stowaway in the exciting 1958 film. The monster was destroyed after being sucked through a vacuum into airless space Other passengers on the first spaceship to the Red Planet included Marshall Thompson and Shawn Smith

Q Could you please tell me who played Dr Morbius in FORBIDDEN PLANET? Also would it be possible to run a still of Robby the Robot? — RICHARD T WALKER

WALTER PIDGEON
The bearded Morbius discusses the state of his home, the FORBIDDEN PLANET

A No sooner said than done, Rich! Morbius was played by the great Walter Pidgeon With him are Robby, Leslie Nielson, and the lovely Anne Francis, Miss Francis and Mr Pidgeon were co-stars, again, in the film FUNNY GIRL

Q I recently saw THE OMEGA MAN on tv, and would like to see a picture of the star Charlton Heston BRIAN LOYER

CHARLTON HESTON
A change of pace for the superstar

A THE OMEGA MAN, a film adaptation of Richard Matheson's stunning novel I AM LEGEND, was Mr Heston's third science fiction film, following PLANET OF THE APES and BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES

END

BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES

where men & manapes die like cattle...

long "battle" lines

IT looked like one of those legendary lines snaking round the block and queuing up to see THE EXORCIST if you lived in a big city the day they had the fantastic quintuple play of all 5 of the supersimian sagas:

The original PLANET OF THE APES.

The mutant-menaced doings BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES.

The humor-laced ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES till the heart-rending ending with the brutal murders of Zira & Cornelius. (It was reminiscent, for moms & pops, of TARZAN'S NEW YORK ADVENTURE of a quarter century earlier, from the comedic hotel scenes to Tarzan & Jane in the courtroom.)

The violent CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES, with its half-hour climax of riflebutts & blowtorches, bullets & blood.

And then, the last of the series, THE BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES with its ferocious finale of manapes & mutants in mortal combat.

In all, approximately 6 hours of the Ape Epic!

hail, caesar!

When Zira & Cornelius were killed in ESCAPE, they left behind a legacy of leadership in their infant son Caesar (Roddy McDowall), who was recognized for what he was by the kindly circus owner Armando (Ricardo Montalban) and raised to apehood. Caesar led his enslaved ape-people in a rebellion against the human masters and, after the race of man had been bested by the beastmen, Caesar reversed his role from that of battle commander to peacelord. A kind of Perry Rhodan of the Ape People.

In the arsenal of the apes, Mandamus, Virgil & MacDonald arm themselves to fight.

Gorilla Leader Aldo (Claude akins) drills his rebel troops.

journey to the city of the dead

In the future time when BATTLE takes place, the Mutant City with which we have become familiar in previous pictures is now a place of ruins.

Devastated, destroyed by the God of War - who seems to wreak his destructive will upon manape as well as mankind

Or man unkind.

Caesar has learned of the moldering mutant city and his natural monkey-like curiosity is aroused.

Is it possible old tape recordings might remain there?

Could he conceivably hear the voices of his dear dead parents, so cruelly butchered by men of an earlier time?

Or a greater hope—perhaps he could even *see* his slaughtered mother & father!

How?

Via newsreel footage which may miraculously still remain in projectible form.

So Caesar starts out to seek out the mutant city.

3 heads better than 1

But Caesar does not undertake his exploration alone.

With him go:

Virgil, a wise Orangutan played by Paul Williams.

And a black human friend, MacDonald (Austin Stokes).

the discovery

Some mutants are surviving underground.

When Caesar & his simian & human friend arrive at the city of the scarred & disfigured humans, tho their visit is intended as a peaceful one the main mutant there (leader Kolp played by Severn Darden) reacts suspiciously.

"We must destroy the village of the apes before they decide to destroy us!" he tells his people.

aldo the ignorant

There is a subplot involving a stupid, belligerent gorilla (Aldo, played by Claude Akins).

The warlike gorilla creates a band of followers around him, intent on wresting Caesar's hard-won "kingdom" from him.

As if there were not enough tragedy in Caesar's life already, the life of his own son is taken

by Aldo.

behind the simian scenes

Veteran actor John Huston was the Lawgiver whose facial features were hard to disguise even behind John Chambers' masterful makeup and whose distinctive voice was heard to advantage as, in a flashforward to a future day, he was seen telling a generation to come the story of THE BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES. His listeners, a rapt audience of ape & human children. (The theater where I saw the picture also had a mixture of both.)

Lew Ayres, who goes way back in imagi-movies to DONOVAN'S BRAIN in 1953, was seen as the apeman Mandemus.

It was, unfortunately, to be the last picture for its producer, Arthur P. Jacobs, whose death we had regretfully to announce in **FM** #103.

revenge of the apes

Young **FM** fan John Landis; who wrote, directed & played the incredible apeman in SCHLOCK; escaped typecasting by appearing

The gorilla guerillas prepare to attack the mutants.

as a *human* in BATTLE.

"Before I was thru with my part, tho," he confided to FM in an exclusive interview, "I was thinking nostalgically of the days when I was portraying a Schlockthropus."

FM: "Why, wasn't it awfully hot & uncomfortable in the suit Rick Baker created for you?"

Landis: "Yes, but at least they only shot fake bullets at me."

FM: "You mean the mutants shot *real* bullets at you in BATTLE?"

Landis: "No, but when I got mixed up with the rebel gorillas, my scenes got pretty violent. They were jumping on me, stomping me, grabbing me by my long hair—and that was just in the rehearsals!

Underground survivors: Mendez & Alma, mutants, played by Paul Stevens and France Nuyen.

"A director never knows just how much violence he'll want in his completed cut or how much will be allowed by the time his film reaches the screen or if a toned-down version will be required for television so they shot my scenes several ways.

"Each more violent than the last!

"The European version was bad enough but when they shot it for Japan -"

FM: "Bloody, eh?"

Landis: "Well, let me ask you have you ever seen GODZILLA MEETS BAMBI?"

FM: "You mean the short shown in the *Horror Hall of Fame* special recently on TV?"

Landis: "The same. When I struggled painfully to my feet after *that* scene, I felt like not only had Godzilla squashed me or King Kong had put his foot down on me like in one of the censored scenes in the native village which has now been put back but like the entire population of Tokyo and a few people in from the suburbs had run over me—and I don't mean with rickshaws."

FM: "Isn't it the Chinese who use rickshaws?"

Landis: "Don't get technical or I'll show you my kung fu chop."

FM: "With the price of meat what it is now days, it would be the first chop we've seen in months."

ape-pauling discovery

With 8000 people (?) milling around at the 1973 Star Trek Con in Los Angeles, you'd think it would be difficult if not impossible to recognize a face in the crowd but FM's argus eyes espied a female who looked familiar.

FM: "Pardon us—but haven't we seen you somewhere before?"

Paula Crist: "Did you see BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES?"

FM: "Of course."

Paula: "I was in it! One of the prisoners in the compound!"

So that makes *2* fans of FM who fought on the side of the humans in BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES!

END

PLANET OF THE APES

PLASTIC HOBBY KITS!

New, there are four great PLANET OF THE APES plastic hobby kits. General Ursus, the brave gorilla leader who starred in BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES, and General Aldo, the rebellious monkey soldier from BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES, join the wizened orangutan Dr. Zaius and chimp scientist Cornelius as carefully molded collector's item models. All four kits are authentically detailed and lifelike, snap together easily, and have movable parts. Pose them in all kinds of exciting positions. Display them on your desk or shelves. But hurry! These dynamic kits are sure to be a sell-out. Order yours today!

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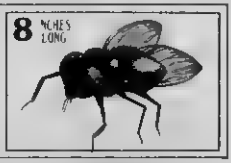

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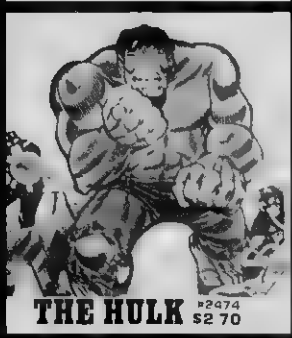

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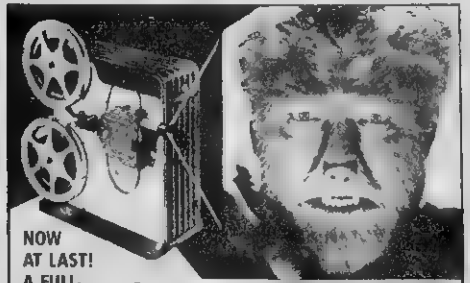

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THE CRITIC'S CRYPT

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD

A NOVEL BY JOHN RUSSO

One of the most horrifying films ever made, NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD is now a terrifying novel by John Russo a co-author of the original screenplay

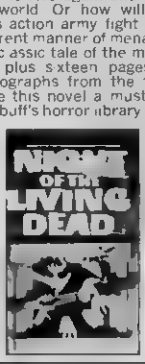
A forerunner of the gossy, no-holds-barred horror movies currently in release the film has been a source of controversy It was called, by one critic, "A cheap, black and white horror film" (as though black and white were synonymous with 'cheap') and, conversely by Newsweek as "A true horror classic

What has made the film a rousing success at midnight screenings the world over? Why do serious film magazines (such as Cinefantastique and The Film Journal) hail NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD as a work of art? Why has it been screened at the world famous New York Museum of Modern Art?

One reason for its phenomenal success might be the ease with which an audience or reader can relate to characters in the plot Both the victims and the little ghouls are and were everyday people, not unlike ourselves

Whatever the reasons this novelization has 'em all All the cannibalism suspense and gruesome goings-on have been translated from the screen to the printed page And the terror remains intact, despite the change in media You will for example share our heroine's terror as her only brother is ripped to shreds and eaten by the living dead before her very eyes You'll wonder what has caused the dead to rise again and chill the world Or how will today's action army fight this different manner of menace

A classic tale of the macabre, plus sixteen pages of photographs from the film make this novel a must for any buff's horror library



PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN

5 FRENZIED HOBBY KITS

One of the most popular attractions at Disneyland is the "Pirates of the Caribbean" ride an electronic wonder that combines the space-age technology of the computer with advanced skills in robotics

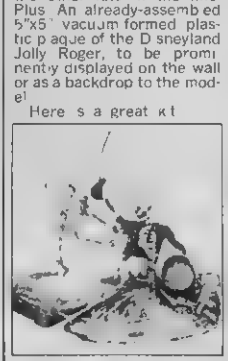
Disney and has provided thrills for millions of people with its lighthearted, authentic look at an era gone-by, the Age of Piracy

Now MPC has released a terrific new set of model kits featuring the very spectral sailors that haunt the catacombs of Disneyland And that's not all! After building one of the exciting intricately crafted Seven Seas Pirates, flip the ever and he will perform a variety of surprising deeds This thanks to the wonderful innovation known as ZAP/ACTION

Imagine a ghostly, skeletal being that was once a mirthful, lusting lad, a member of the marauding galleons that roamed the Caribbean in search of booty Now he is marooned forever chained to forgotten treasure Then from the sea comes an alligator to feast upon the rotting and bleached bones of a once living pirate Suddenly, the skeleton comes to life, and drops his cutlass in a flash upon the wretched reptile's snout And all the drama, pathos and suspense of this eternal battle is captured and enacted by the new Pirates of the Caribbean model "Condemned to Chains Forever

Also included in the kit are simple assembly instructions, a background flyer on both the Age of Piracy and the other kits in the line Plus An already-assembled 5"x5" vacuum formed plastic plaque of the Disneyland Jolly Roger, to be prominently displayed on the wall or as a backdrop to the model

Here's a great kit



FRIGHT

E A POE'S THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER

"During the whole of a dull dark and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone on horseback through a singularly dreary tract of country and at length found myself, as the shades of evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher"

Thus begins a spine chilling tale by the all time master of horror, Edgar Allan Poe

Our narrator is a friend to one Roderick Usher Visiting his friend, our nameless host soon realizes that Usher is in an advanced state of physical and mental deterioration This, caused by agitation over his wife's strange and terminal illness Hard upon, the wife dies and the narrator works to rid Usher of depression and strange delusions Needless to say in true Poe tradition the wife returns from her coffin to haunt her husband and our hapless visitor barely escapes with his life as the dread House of Usher is ripped asunder by a strange ethereal storm

This record album features one of the world's great horror tales narrated by one Richard Taylor a man previously unknown to me The line notes relate that "he is one of the newest sought after 'thriller' actors on the scene today Discovered in an Off Broadway show, producers found his voice mystifying

Unfortunately, the only thing mystifying is why Mr Taylor was chosen to narrate this album His voice is not a bad one but hardly ever rises above a whisper

However, if you're a Poe completist, this record is for you The story is certainly worth hearing, even if the narration leaves something to be desired

GIANT 10' RED BALLOON

Look! Up in the sky! It's a bird! It's a plane!" Nope It's none of the above That large, red, rotund object in the atmosphere is none other than a giant, 10' diameter red balloon

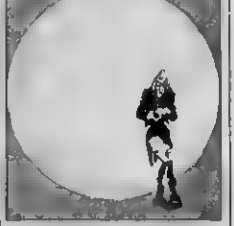
Case History #465 Residents in a small rural town are roused from a deep sleep, greeted by a menacing invader from Mars Is it another of Orson Welles Halloween pranks? No! Just a couple of young "Martian invaders" having a little fun with the community by painting luminescent 'flying saucers' on the big balloon!

Case History #978 A group of adventuresome lads play a game of soccer with the 10' large monstrosity It's a free-for-all frolic that lasts all day, as men and limbs are swallowed up by the gargantuan sphere Not unlike the Blob this rubbery creature moves as if alive! The big balloon strikes again!

There are a thousand more examples of what could be done with the fun-filled orb Think of the fun you could have by painting all manners of monster and creatures on it Or use it as a prop in one of your scientifi films (big balloon would make a great BRAIN FROM PLANET AROUS') or in advertising (our inflatable giant puts the Goodyear Blimp to shame !), or in many many other uses Display at carnivals or bazaars use in parades or sporting events or adorn with the name of your club or organization

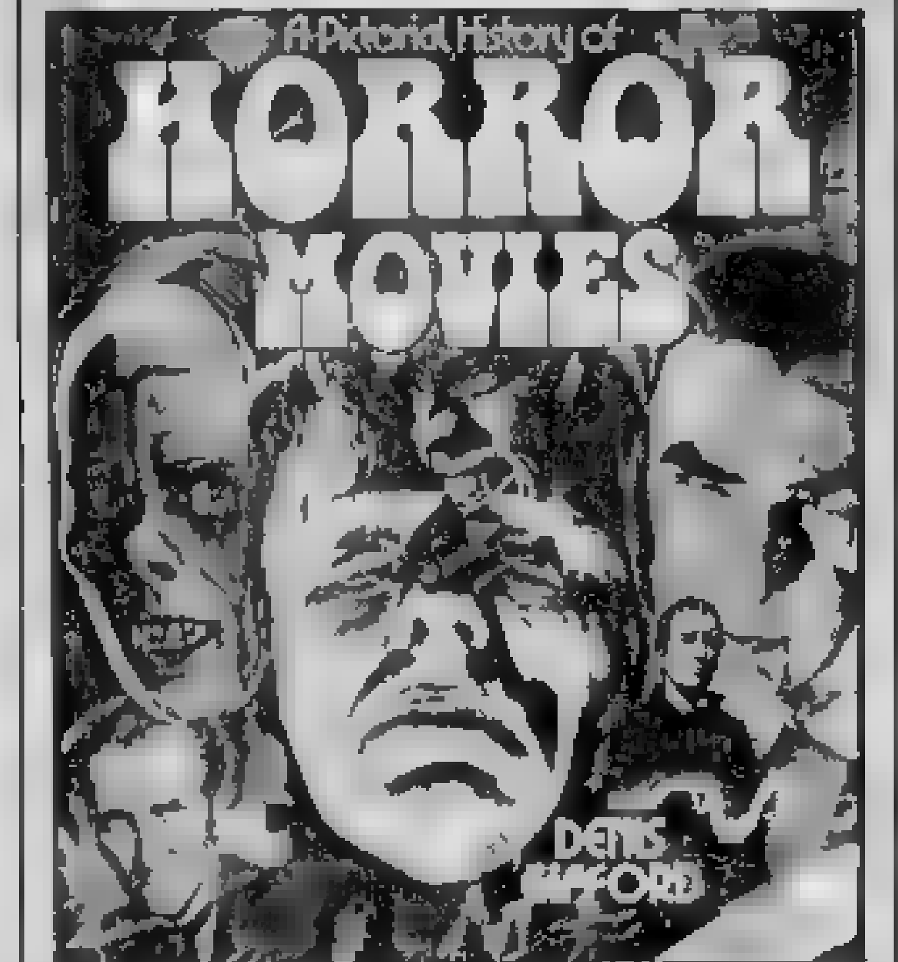
And remember It's made of genuine Neropene rubber for durability And it's easily inflated

The big balloon is back Get yours before everyone on the block's got one!



A MONSTER-SIZED COLLECTION OF BOOKS ON HORROR & SCI-FI FILMS!

HISTORY OF HORROR MOVIES

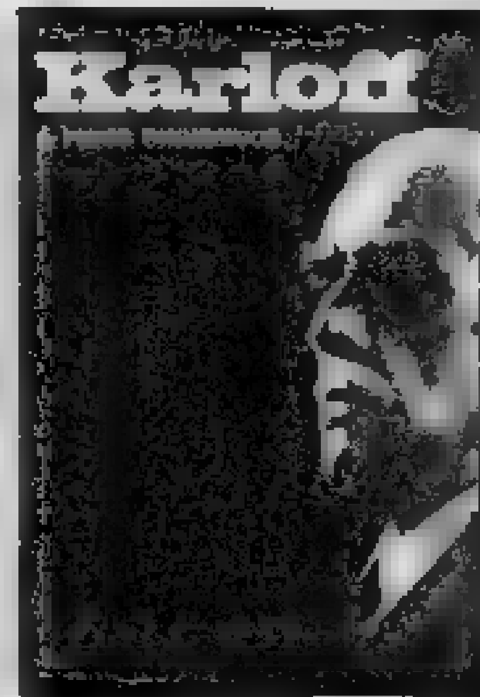


Famous British author and film critic DENNIS GIFFORD has brought out this enormous (9 x12) Fact-Packed deluxe hardcover PICTORIAL HISTORY OF HORROR MOVIES loaded with hundreds of stills many in full color and brief witty descriptions of the careers of various monster baddies vampires golems, man-made monsters beasts and things. One of the best buys ever! #2161 PICTORIAL HISTORY OF HORROR MOVIES $4 49

FRANKENSTEIN LEGEND

Author Donald Glut has assembled in 372 pages just about every fact available on the book FRANKENSTEIN plus pix & info on the plays films, comic books, sequels imitations, everything. You'll not find a more complete hardcover book #21054 FRANKENSTEIN LEGEND $9 95

KARLOFF



A must for every KARLOFF fan Peter Underwood has concentrated on the life of Boris the King, Karloff, and features personal recollections of young Billy Pratt (Karloff's original name) by his surviving old friends plus 28 very seldom seen pix #21003 KARLOFF $5 95

IN SEARCH OF DRACULA

Comprehensive and thrilling 7"x10 book about vampires in reel and real life Fully documented evidence on Real vampires in History and a filmography of vampire flix from 1896 thru 1971 [illegible] one of Chris Lee at the real castle of Dracula! Hardcover 21013 IN SEARCH OF DRACULA $8 95

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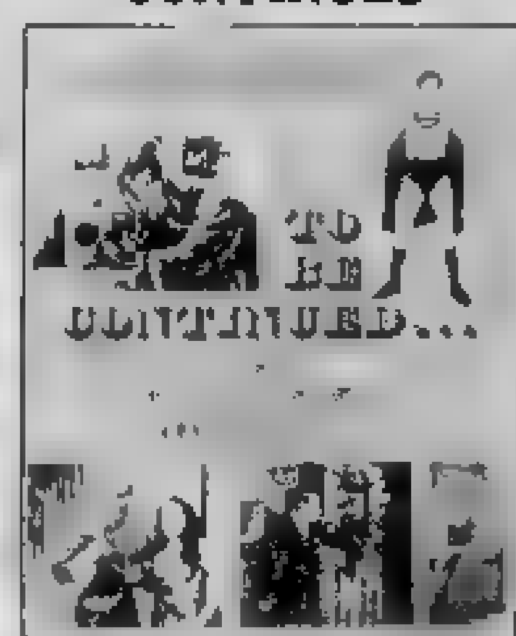
DIRECT FROM ENGLAND! A spell binding 6-1 2 x10" deluxe softbound book about England's most famous 'House of Horror' HAMMER FILM STUDIOS! A whole blooming History of Hammer complete filmography 8 full-color pages of their finest posters, and 170 high quality stills from their most outstanding and grisly fright flix! All the great Hammer Horror stars Chris Lee Jack Palance, Oliver Reed Peter Cushing Robert Morley Rita Tushingham Victoria Vetri Bette Davis. Ursula Andress Raquel Welch. & more! Order #21070 THE HOUSE OF HORROR $4 95

CINEMA OF THE FANTASTIC

Huge (7 x10) volume with over 350 pix of 15 classics of the fantasy film Each flick is given a film-book treatment, and a treat, indeed! There's King Kong Flash Gordon Bride of Frankenstein Metropolis The Black Cat Things to Come and much more Hardcover #21008 CINEMA OF THE FANTASTIC $9 95

TO BE CONTINUED



Complete list and guide to over 225 motion picture serials with sound tracks. This 8-1 2"x11" hardcover opus gives complete data and stills on such classics as Batman, Buck Rogers, Dick Tracy Fu Manchu, Zorro Captain Marvel Lone Ranger, and many more thrilling Segmented Sagas! #21012 TO BE CONTINUED $9 95

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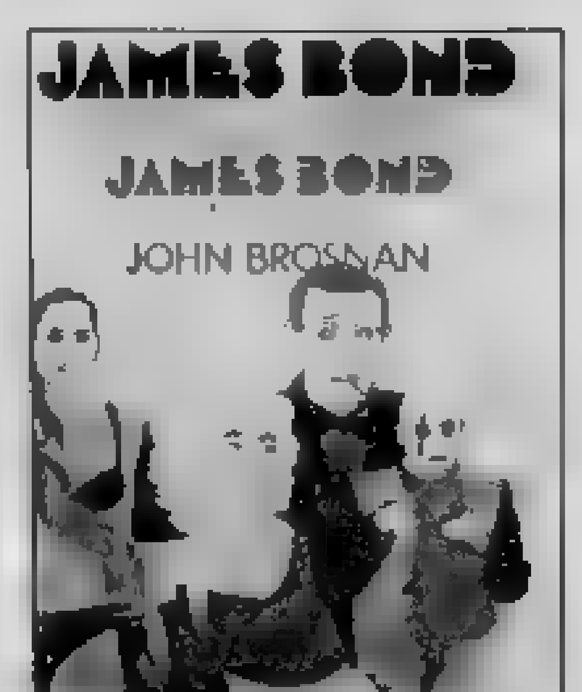

All the info on the most popular screen-spy since Sherlock Holmes! From DR NO to DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER this fine hardcover volume examines Bond the damsels & the villains of the films plus a special chapter on James Bond film spinoffs & take-offs to filmography plot synopses terrif trivia & over 100 stills! #2123 JAMES BOND IN THE CINEMA $6 95

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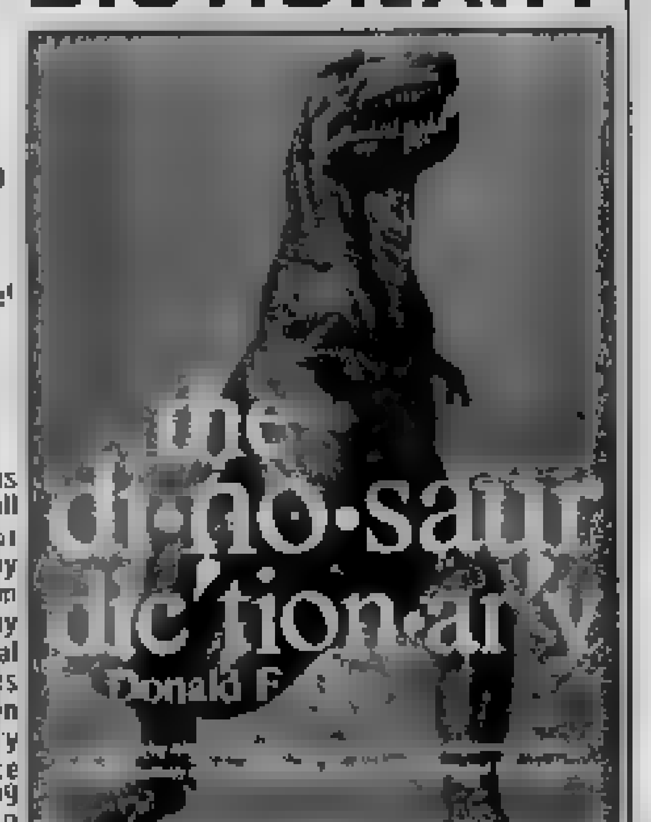

THE DINOSAUR DICTIONARY is also part encyclopedia, giving full info on every important dinosaur known, with fabulous paintings by Zdenek Burian, and stills from Willis O'Brien's Lost World and Ray Harryhausen's Gwangi, and Animal World If you ever entertained hopes of being a great stop-motion animator, this 218 page fully illustrated & Fact-Packed reference work's for you! Hardcover #21009 DINOSAUR DICTIONARY $12 50

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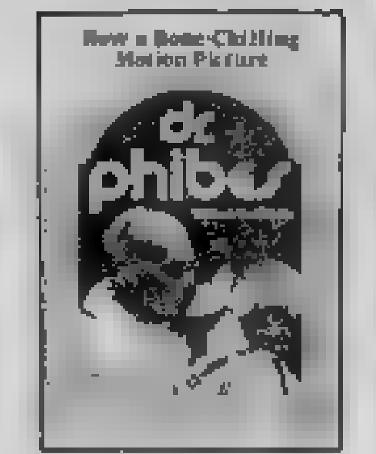

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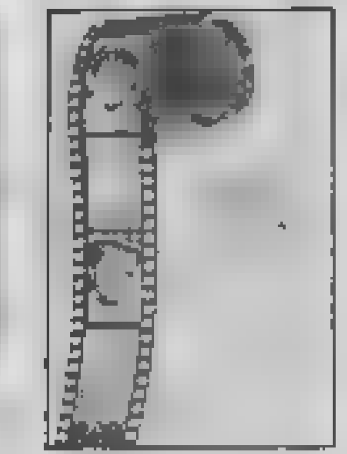

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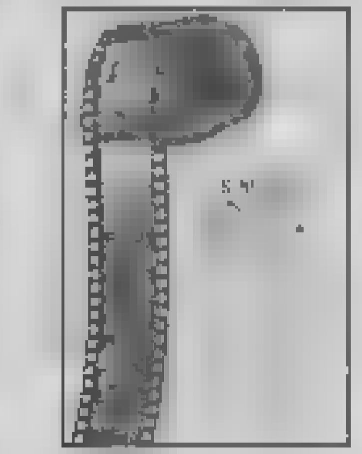

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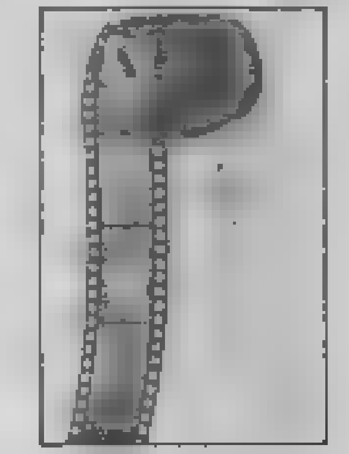

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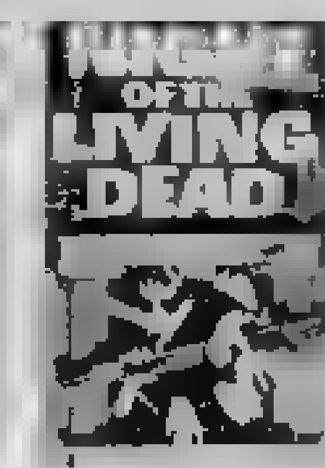

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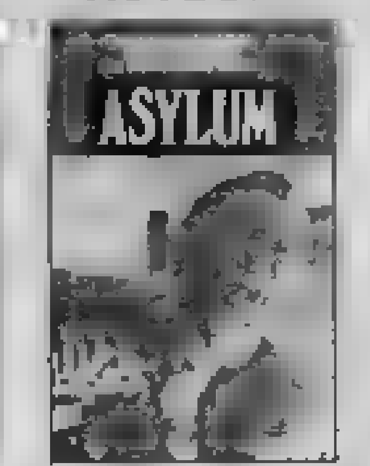

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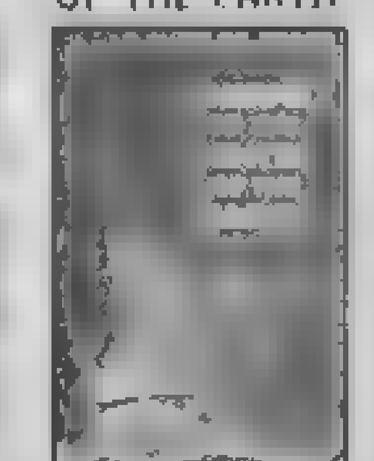

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Nine inches of nerve numbling terror! That's what this model of the nefarious Count is! His hands are outstretched, as he beckons his next victim! It might be YOU! Help a vampire get together, kitwise! Certainly a MUST for terror freaks! Order #2404 DRACULA $2.50

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Stalking stealthily forth from the tomb of the evil Pharoahs, he plods! His shroudlike bandages that now hang in foul tatters woven when Dark magic ruled the World! Now he crawls and creeps onward . . . plodding . . . TO KILL YOU! #2403 MUMMY $2 50

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It's a bad moon on the rise! The sore wind now rustles a tree branch—the ghostly gray evening air is all filled with the sound of the rugged pantings of a ferocious wild beast . . . THEN HE STRIKES! His fangs glowing at you! Talons sink into your throat . #2407 WOLFMAN

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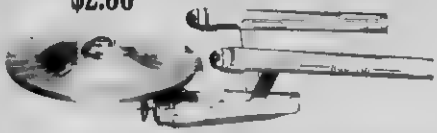
Flagship of the Starfleet Command! THE USS ENTERPRISE! The ship of Captain James Kirk & First Officer Spock! This huge model was crafted to the exact specifications of the original blueprints of the ship model used on the STAR TREK TV show. Now it's yours! It's built on the same scale as the Klingon ship shown below. #2460 USS ENTERPRISE STARSHIP $2.50



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MR. SPOCK, First Officer, stands over 6" tall in this model, as he blasts a 3-headed monster, snake-creature with his laser ray gun. This pointy-eared Vulcan an alien is the favorite of everyone! #2462 MR. SPOCK $2.25

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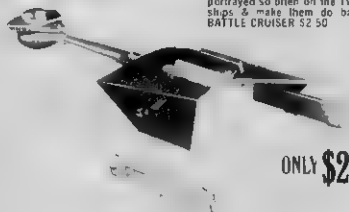

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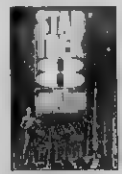

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INTRODUCING SIX NEW FANTASTIC MODELS!!

CAVE BEAR
6" HIGH
$2.50

Most powerful beast in entire Pleistocene period. Worshipped by Bear Cults! Exclusively vegetarian. Was 1 3 bigger than huge brown bear of today! Titanic strength! Order #2433 CAVE BEAR $2 50

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The Giant Bird or Phororhacos large carnivorous bird with huge skull, whose jaw was size of a modern horse! Unable to fly, & used its strong, 4 toed legs for attack. 6 ft tall. Lived in South America & some say Antarctica! Order #2434 GIANT BIRD $2.50

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Over 60 parts! Trees, plants, pool base, flying reptiles, 1st horse & bird, time scale. Order #2435 JUNGLE SWAMP $3 00

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Triceratops [illegible] 20 feet long. A creepy Ceratopsian! Order #2436 3-HORNED DINOSAUR $5 00

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12-1 4" LONG
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Styracosaurus heavily armed 1 1 2 ft long nasal horn 6 horn neck spikes in crescent. #2436 SPIKED DINOSAUR $5.00

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Best known Pleistocene beast. Huge! Long, dense hair & fat layer protected this tusked Ice Age plant eater. #2438 WOOLY MAMMOTH $6 00

PLUS THESE EIGHT EXCITING FAVORITES!!

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Over 10 inches high. North American 30 ft murderous beast! #2419 ALLOSAURUS $3 00

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Perfect setting complete with ancient vulture like creature. #2417 TAR PIT $3 00

BUILD A SCENE OF THE STONE AGE!

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Our ancestors were his breakfast! Over 8 long! #2420 SABRE TOOTH TIGER $2 00

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Early widespread, cold adapted European Man 4 1 2' high. Order #2421 NEANDERTHAL MAN $2 00

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Necessary companion to Cro Magnon Man! Over 4' tall kit! Fits cave well! Order #2422 CRO-MAGNON WOMAN $2 00

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UNCLE CREEPY painted by SANJULIAN 28"x20" of pulsating pigments. Compliment to Eerie companion to 6 Vampi! #2948 UNCLE CREEPY POSTER, $2.00

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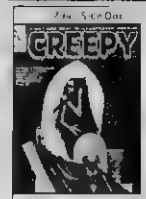
COUSIN EERIE painted by SANJULIAN 28"x20" of horrendous hues! There's never been such a portrait! #2946 COUSIN EERIE POSTER $2.00



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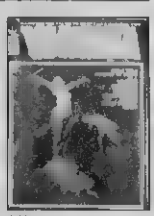

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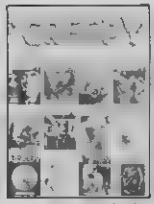

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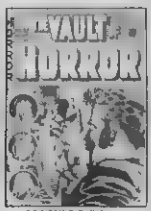

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6 FEET TALL

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THE MAD DOCTOR! Vile and venerable gent, he's crept through a hundred-thousand monster pix, unleashing beasties like the ones that follow. Realistic hair, beard! Order #2530 THE (DELUXE) MAD DOCTOR $39.95

THE ZOMBIE! Ghastly hand-painted pebbled green face, and corpse-pale yellow hair! Like he just came out of his grave! He could be you! Scare your family out of their wits! DELUXE ZOMBIE MASK $39.50 #2546

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA! Lon Chaney's immortal makeup masterpiece recreated for you classic horror freaks. Become a classic horror you freak! Truly gruesome, better believe! #2532 PHANTOM $39.95

MR HYDE! Surely the most bestial version of Robert Louis Stevenson's immortal monster yet! Be another John Barrymore, Spencer Tracy or Jack Palance! Horribly Hydeous! #2534 DELUXE MR. HYDE MASK $39.95

GORILLA LOOSE! That's what they'll say when they see you in this one! Ideal for all occasions, mainly unpleasant ones. Highly realistic hair! Vicious teeth, too! #2549 DELUXE GORILLA MASK $39.95

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THE WEREWOLF! Horrendously hairy & fearfully fanged! Palpitatingly Painted by Hand, too! Weird & Wooly! Ideal & Inimitable! Perfect for Parties & Halloweening Hosts. Certainly Snarling! #2538 DELUXE WOLFMAN MASK $39.95

THE MUMMY! Latex headpiece shriveled so, your friends will think you're flaking apart! Handpainted a baneful beige, this spectacular disguise would even scare the morgue attendant! #2531 DELUXE MUMMY MASK $39.95

FRANKENSTEIN! The Monster's Monster! King of them all, complete with matted hair and bolts in forehead and two ghastly red scars on his clammy gray handpainted face. #2542 DELUXE FRANKENSTEIN MASK $39.95

THE MUTANT! The hideous creature that attacked This Island Earth; his huge brain throbbing, pulsating, silver-painted! The man-made monster of the far, foul, future! #2552 DELUXE MUTANT MASK $39.95

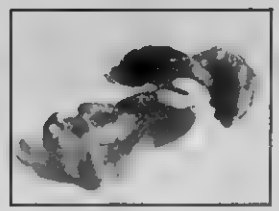
THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME! Quasimodo, deformed bell-ringer! Crippled creeping horror! Combines the best terrorific aspects of the great film versions of all time! #2548 DELUXE HUNCHBACK MASK $39.95

First "underground" fearful folk-hero-monsters of the fab, faded, fadded Fifties! Green & red with yellow bug-eyes! Special LOW PRICE! Order today for #2531 THE MOLE PEOPLE DELUXE MASK $25.00

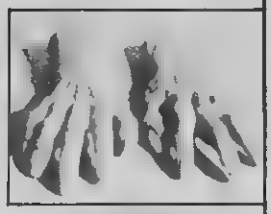
SPECIALLY DESIGNED HANDS & FEET TO GO WITH MASKS ABOVE

#2543 FRANKENSTEIN HANDS

#2551 GORILLA FEET



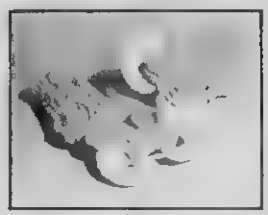
#2550 GORILLA HANDS



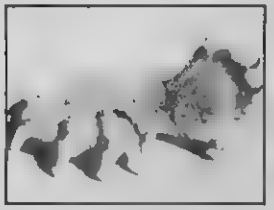
#2533 PHANTOM & MAD DOCTOR HANDS

#2535 HUNCHBACK & MR HYDE HANDS

#2541 MUMMY HANDS



#2553 MUTANT HANDS



#2537 CREATURE HANDS

#2539 WOLFMAN HANDS

WHAT'S A MONSTER WITHOUT CLAWS?

Fish may gotta swim, but Lagoon Creatures gotta FIN their way through the swampy morass of Life. It's best to do one's Terrorific Thing with these spectacular latex rubber pairs of hands, feet, fins, claws & paws. Specially Designed & hand-painted to go with the Whole-Head Monster Masks pictured above. Some of these hands go with more than one mask. Each set is LOW-PRICED at $19.95 a pair! Order 'em all today!

#2543 LATEX RUBBER FRANKENSTEIN HANDS (1 PAIR) $19.95

#2551 LATEX RUBBER DELUXE GORILLA FEET (1 PAIR) $19.95

#2550 LATEX RUBBER GORILLA HANDS (1 PAIR) $19.95

#2553 PHANTOM OF OPERA, OR MAD DOCTOR HANDS (1 PAIR) $19.95

#2535 HUNCHBACK, OR MR. HYDE HANDS (1 PAIR) $19.95

#2541 LATEX RUBBER MUMMY HANDS (1 PAIR) ONLY $19.95

#2553 LATEX RUBBER MUTANT PINCER-LIKE HANDS (1 PAIR) $19.95

#2537 LATEX RUBBER LAGOON CREATURE HANDS (1 PAIR) $19.95

#2539 LATEX RUBBER WOLFMAN HANDS (1 PAIR) $19.95

#2547 LATEX RUBBER MOLE PEOPLE HANDS (PAIR NOT PICTURED) $19.95

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MYSTERY PHOTO NUMBER 74

MIND-BOGGLED HORN-SWOGGLED?

Is it one of Harryhausen's creations? A monster man from Japan? A puppet from a Pal picture? An animonster from EQUINOX? The movie was in color, we'll give you that clue. And if that isn't enough memory glue to put it together, try taking JILL ATTACK KING HERE apart and putting it back together. Do it right and you'll have the title of this film. Fail and —well—you'll just have to wait for the revelation nextime.

ANSWER TO MYSTERY PHOTO No. 73

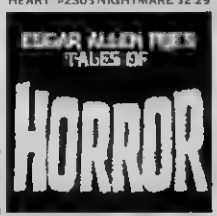
This was the monster from MISSILE TO THE MOON that didn't even make a 2-year-old baboon swoon when it sneaked a peek while a tribe of pigmies was projecting it in Darkest Africa.

Among the first to correctly identify #72 as GOKE, THE BODY SNATCHER FROM HELL were Francesca Siamenti, Kristina Hellind & Boris Grabner; and among the first to correctly identify #73 as MISSILE TO THE MOON were Susan McGee, Wm. Farmer, Masao Keno & Barbara Kawasaki.

8 BUDGET PRICE RECORDS OF EDGAR ALLEN POE!

TERROR Classic tales of terror to make you shiver in your boots. Spine tingling narrations of MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH and THE PREMATURE BURIAL HEART #2303 NIGHTMARE $2.29

NIGHTMARE A frightening narration from the stories of Edgar Allen Poe. THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM is tough on your nerves, but wait until you hear THE TELL-TALE #2304 TERROR $2.29



HORROR SON OF NIGHTMARE A unique tale of horror spoken in eerie tones. Hearing this story is enough to scare you out of your wits. Wow! Order #2305 HORROR SON OF NIGHTMARE $2.29

FRIGHT A grim, ghosty tale that will fill you with lingering fear and fright. You'll remember THE HOUSE OF USHER (this most famous tale) with fear when you're alone! #2306 FRIGHT $2.29

MOVING-FACE, INEXPENSIVE RUBBER MONSTER MASKS!

VAMPIRE GIRL! Who says girls don't go in for monsters? Boy, it's sure go for a girl who wears this slinky mask. Alluring and especially would be alluring femmes take note! Covers entire face and top of head #2502 GIRL VAMPIRE MASK $1.49

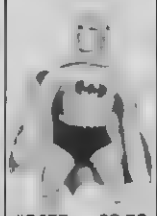
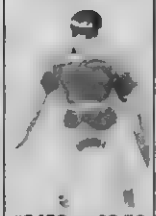
SHOCK MONSTER! Horrible, palpitating monstrous rotting flesh wobbling before your startled friends eyes! This Deluxe full over-the-head mask will send 'em quivering in horror when you walk down the street! #2501 SHOCK MONSTER MASK $2.25

GORILLA MONSTER! Scare your mom out of her tree with this Deluxe, full over-the-head mask! It's true you can't have too many friends. Make sure of it! For when you wear this mask, you won't have too many friends! #2507 GORILLA MONSTER MASK $2.25

THE MUMMY! Baneful bandaged bully of a barge-in basement tomb! He creeps, shuffles from one decaying victim to another in his pyramid prison... then... he's UNLEASHED! And he could be YOU! Covers entire face & top of head #2503 THE MUMMY MASK $1.49

SUPER ACTION FIGURES

Super Action Figures are 12" tall, articulated, and have clothing made of real cloth.

SUPERMAN	BATMAN	ROBIN	CAPT. MARVEL	AQUAMAN	TARZAN
					
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ASTONISHING! BRAND-NEW VINYL WHOLE-HEAD HORROR MASKS!

NEW! FROM HOLLYWOOD! VINYL MOVIE MONSTER MASKS!

They fit the whole head. Sturdy flexible but unbreakable all-weather vinyl masks. Reasonably priced so you can buy 'em ALL! All great!

THIN FRANKENSTEIN! For the narrow minded this long face Frank's a must! THIN FRANKENSTEIN $8.95 #2555

THE SKULL! Immense oversized skull Classic for the Calcium Clique! And quite cracked! #2556 THE SKULL $8.95

VERMILLION SKULL! A fearfully fiery Roasting Red! The hard headed hot of Hades! #2557 VERMILLION SKULL $8.95

WOLFMAN! Really new-FANGled way to break friends & influence people! #2558 WOLFMAN $8.95

METALUNA ROBOT! A metal man shining silvery It could be YOU! #2559 METALUNA ROBOT $8.95

WIDE FRANKENSTEIN! The square headed monster! will DEMAND this #2560 WIDE FRANKENSTEIN $8.95

THE PHANTOM Its skull like face and taring nostrils could make a statue sweat blood! #2561 THE PHANTOM $8.95

THE MUMMY! He leers at you from the AGES this ghost propelled corpse of Tanted Tarius #2562 THE MUMMY $8.95

THE HUNCHBACK Deformed creature cursed to slink through countless catacombs! #2563 THE HUNCHBACK $8.95

MR HYDE! The first and last choking word in beast men! The sadow eyed Fiend of Fiends! #2564 MR HYDE $8.95

TOR JOHNSON! One of the greatest character actors of all time! Now YOU can be him Perfect! #2565 TOR JOHNSON $8.95

NEW HORROR FILMS WITH THEIR OWN SOUND TRACKS!

AT LAST! 8mm & Super 8mm movies of Hammer Films own CHRISTOPHER LEE as DRACULA, FU MANCHU and the FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER! Also four episodes from VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA and that 50's fear classic THE COSMIC MONSTERS! Each with its own FULL SOUNDTRACK RECORDING! How can this be done? With every 200 ft film you purchase, you get a FREE 33 1/3 RPM SOUNDTRACK album to play right along with the film. Full symphonic orchestration & sound effects especially recorded to add a New Dimension to home film fare thrills!

FRANKENSTEIN SERIES
THE BIRTH OF FRANKENSTEIN The great moment of Creation with the great Christopher Lee as The Monster! #2295 THE BIRTH OF FRANKENSTEIN $7.49

THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN A "sequel" to "The Birth of Frankenstein" with Chris Lee as the newly-born monster stalking! #2297 CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN $7.49

HORROR OF DRACULA The dynamic Chris Lee in one of the greatest interpretations of DRACULA of all time with SOUND! #2296 HORROR OF DRACULA $7.49

FU MANCHU SERIES
FACE OF FU MANCHU Christopher Lee in one of his most classic studies of grandiose evil and insidious perfidy! #2298 FACE OF FU MANCHU $7.49

THE HORROR OF FU MANCHU Again Chris Lee as the evil Oriental mastermind schemes a plot to enslave the civilized world! #22001 HORROR OF FU MANCHU $7.49

COSMIC MONSTERS! Man's dabbling with Atomic Energy & Cosmic Rays creates fiendish monster insects that threaten to wipe out life on Earth! #2299 COSMIC MONSTERS $7.49

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VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA SEA OF MINES Cold sweat thrills as the Seaview wends its way through a metal forest of Death! #22004 SEA OF MINES $7.49

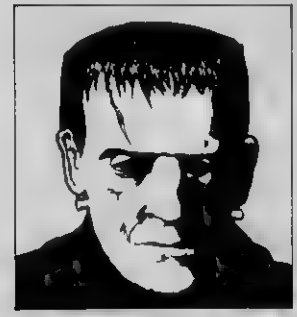
VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA THE FROGMEN Forced to leave the safety of the Seaview the crew meet hideous sea monsters! #22005 THE FROGMEN $7.49

Graveyard Examiner

DEAD-LETTER EDITION JEFF ROVIN, EDITOR

FRANKENSTEIN LIVES!

The Frankenstein Monster puts on a show of might for some useful fans. Behind him is a set from an early Universal monster film.



Artist Tom Phillips' pen-and-ink interpretation of the classic Karloff-face. Tom's rendition earns him a "Master of Monster-Art" degree.

Throughout the years, Dr. Frankenstein's awesome creation has been killed and re-killed, shot, bludgeoned, and maimed; resurrected, revived, and reactivated, this, seemingly, an interminable cycle. But through it all, the monster survives. And these days, he's haunting Southern California.

Universal Pictures, the Hollywood studio that gave us the world-famous Karloff incarnation, now has the electricreature roaming its back-lot daily, all for the amusement of tourists

When Universal opened its doors to the general public, in the form of guided tours, none had any idea just how popular these inside peeks at the film industry would be. And today, the studio rivals Disneyland in popularity.

A great deal of this success is due, no doubt, to the incredible displays put on during the four-hour-long journey through filmland. Among the sights to see are the sets once haunted by Karloff, Lugosi, and Chaney, the lake in which the monster threw a little girl in FRANKENSTEIN, a monsterrific make-up display, and many spectacular exhibitions. Particularly impressive are the man-made earthquake and flood, and the parting of the Red Sea. Both LIVE demonstrations.

But roaming the old FRANKENSTEIN sets is an amazing sight. The Monster himself! Displaying incredible strength, the green visaged ghoul lumbers about, frightening villagers and tourists alike But he's friendly to kids.

So as you can see, Frankenstein is alive and well . . . and if you're ever in Hollywood, give him a call!

ANIMONSTER FILM TEST

Below are 15 film titles in which the name of an animal played an important part. Connect the beast to the film and mail to ANIMONSTER TEST, c/o The Graveyard Examiner. Winners will be announced in issue #110. (Note: The winners of last issue's contest will be announced in #109. Watch for your name!)

ALLIGATOR	APES	BAT
GILA MONSTER	LEOPARD	SPIDER
EAGLES	FLY	SCORPION
BEES	SHREWS	LEECH
BIRDS	CAT	HOUND

THE DEADLY

THE BLACK

PLANET OF THE

THE ____ (A Hitchcock Film)

THE ____ WOMAN

THE GIANT

CURSE OF THE

THE KILLER

TARZAN AND THE WOMAN

HORROR OF [redacted]

THE WAR

THE PEOPLE

THE DEVIL

THE ____ OF THE BASKERVILLES

CURSE OF THE PEOPLE

STUDENTS APPLAUD HARRYHAUSEN
7th voyage of sinbad gets ovation

The course is called "Sixty Years of American Animation," and the professor is noted film historian LEONARD MALTIN. The place is The New School in New York City.

The auditorium was packed with students. And they were here to see a screening of RAY HARRYHAUSEN'S magnificent adventure classic, 7TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD.

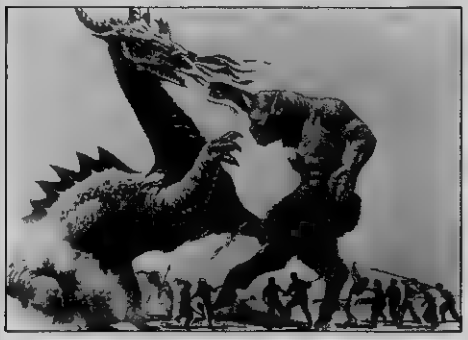
Before unreeling the feature, MALTIN gave a cursory discourse on the career of MR. HARRYHAUSEN, the world's greatest special effectsman. And after the movie was over, it received thunderous applause, a tribute to the work of a master animator.

There were many laymen in the audience, students such as JOHN BUTTERFIELD and DICK SIEGEL, who asked "How did they film Sinbad's duel with the skeleton?" or "How was the Cyclops made to look 50' tall on the screen?" And with HARRYHAUSEN'S own FANTASY FILM SCRAPBOOK for reference, the intricacies of frame-by-frame stop motion animation were explained.

Following the main feature and question/answer period, clips from MYSTERIOUS ISLAND, JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS, and HARRYHAUSEN'S latest, SINBAD'S GOLDEN VOYAGE were presented. But before running these scenes, MALTIN explained how the quality of the films featuring HARRYHAUSEN effects has increased.

"BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS had a grade z script," he noted, "which served solely as a vehicle for the kinky special effects. But now, GOLDEN VOYAGE is tops in every way."

So as we await the release of HARRYHAUSEN'S latest Sinbad opus, we can be thankful that, at long last, film historians and students of motion pictures are taking note of the work of one of filmdom's greats.



Cyclops battles dragon in thrilling finale of fantasy film "7th Voyage of Sinbad."

The centaur from "Sinbad's Golden Voyage" makes his debut in monster opus.

MONSTERS OF THE MONTH

Six-year-old MARK WASSERBERGER (left) and his four-year-old brother SIMON enjoy THE HIDEOUS SUN DEMON. The boys are from New York City. The Sun Demon is from the cover of FM. And FM is considered a Gift from the Gods to young monster fans everywhere.

MARC FARLEY

CHUCK JOHNSON

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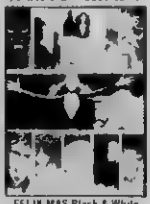

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FANG MAIL (Continued from page 4)

JACK AS DRAC

I was fully prepared not to like the television of DRACULA. I thought Palance could not possibly be as good as Christopher Lee, just as I thought of Lee vs. Lugosi when he first essayed the role. I was most pleasantly surprised.

The feature on Witches & Demons was a stroke of genius.

ARLENE BATTISTA
Stratford, Conn.

A HAPPY "CAPPY" CO. CUSTOMER

I would sincerely like to influence all FM fans to buy "Cinema of the Fantastic" a book advertised by the Captain Co. in the back of the magazine. Buy it! It's worth every penny. I bought it, read it & now treasure it.

Your article on FRANKENSTEIN 1973 was superb. I am sure even Mary Shelley would have treasured it in her works.

STEPHEN CARAFELLO
Seaside Heights, NJ

ANTICIPATING ISSUE #10,000

I'm a real big fan of FM. I have pictures from your magazine covering my door top to bottom. #105 was a great issue (like the rest of them). Rick Baker who made Schlock was G.R.E.A.T!!!! I've collected every issue since #80 and I'll still collect them till I'm 105 (now 13). I've been running 7 blocks in rain, snow, sleet & hail (20° below zero) to get FM. Please keep it going until #10,000.

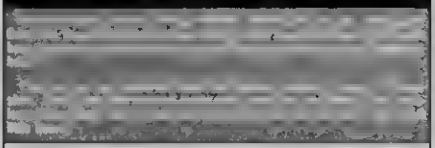
DONALD STERNA
Oak Lawn, Ill

• You mean after only 8992 more issues I can have a vacation and look at all the movies I've missed while I've been busy editing FM???

PHENOMENON

There have been several outstandingly popular features in our 16 years of publication. THE AMAZING ACKERMONSTER in issues 24 thru 26. MONSTERS ARE GOOD FOR MY CHILDREN in #35 & Yearbook 1971. The BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN Filmbook, #21 & Yrbk '67. LETTER TO AN ANGEL, FM 96. To these we must now add THE FORREST PRIME EVIL in #104, a transcribed lecture by our Editor which, with its many unique personal anecdotes about Karloff, Lugosi, Lorre et al, you have acclaimed as an Instant Classic. Jim Warren

HOW MONSTERIFIC IS YOUR NEWSSTAND?



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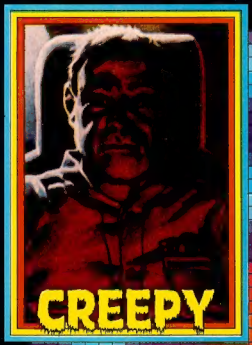

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